

Sights and Insights

1956







I SAW him for the first time as I walked into the office building, when Salem was new to me. He smiled as he stood by his desk. I noticed his dark, closely-cropped hair, his button-down shirt collar, his striped tie.

I often saw him talking with Dr. Gramley, or showing distinguished looking visitors over the campus. Someone told me he was Assistant to the President.

Then, in the spring, I sat in Chapel, suspiciously noting the stack of books by the microphone. I heard, "We, the Senior Class of 1956, dedicate the fifty-fourth edition of the SIGNS AND INSIGNS to . . . Mr. Donald E. Britt."



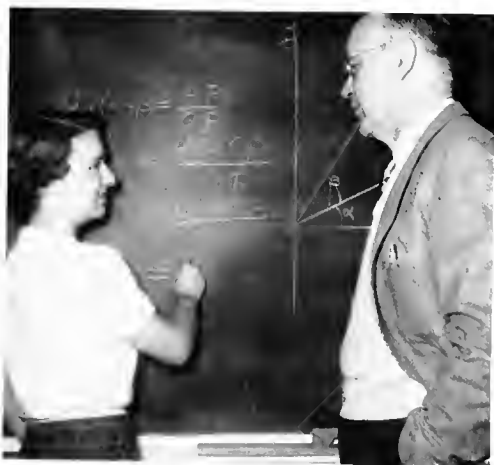
MR. DONALD L. BRILL

Preface



I CAME to Salem in the summer when bricks reflected humid, paint-smelling air. The chair slipped awkwardly beside the dean's desk; I did not know if my major would be home economics or English.

Outside the swimming pool water looked frozen-still and I wondered if we could sun-bathe on the graveled top of the



gymnasium. In September there was a Sunday when the frozen-still pool water was circled with rain splats and ringed by a marble my brother threw from a third floor window in Clewell.

A high-heeled senior hostess peeped in and saw my mother hopelessly hidden by trunks still on their ends. In the hall fathers stole clothes hangers from outside next-door rooms. Behind one of the closed doors a girl told her mother she wanted to go back home.

Then it was night and the speaker at



vespers explained about the raised brick eyebrows over the windows. Raised eyebrows made Salem friendly and interested in all of us. The windows were dark half an hour before the clock clanged midnight.

Late in the week the uncurtained, lighted windows of Strong were peopled with unpackers. I sat in my senior adviser's suite and memorized the administration's grant of power to the students. I wrote it on my handbook test and placed in the top forty; but the

librarian's note told me I knew too little about the Dewey decimal system.

I stuck the note on my mirror and walked uptown for a cinemascope western at the Carolina and coffee at Morris Service. Back in Clewell at midnight people screamed in, disheveled and elated. The next house meeting tittered at a plea for neater date-returning and oohed at an invitation from Bowman Gray Phi Chi's.

The panic engendered by mid-semester grades fled from the smiling face of the Christmas spirit. I went home stacked



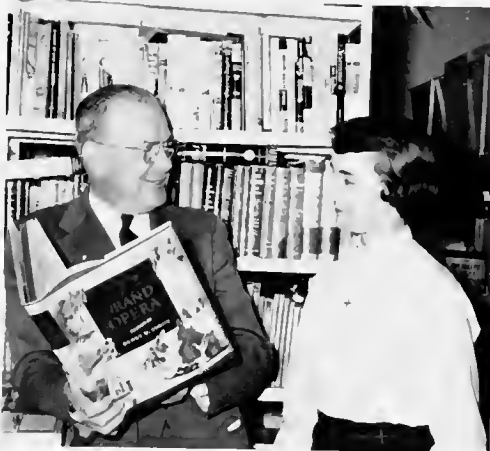
into three dorms cliquified the class. I said I was glad and set out to prove my individuality. Required religion became my idea-outlet; my roommate and I, after supper, smoked over speculations on love, and life, and our love of life. I scheduled conferences and came out in deeper perplexity; I applied elementary psychology on my friends and myself with no avail.

An escape - often to Chapel Hill or Durham helped until Sunday night and

with term paper sources and yellow legal pads.

My enthusiasm at the chance of beginning second semester afresh swamped me with newspaper assignments and pressure to play basketball for the class team. I plunged into the phobia of participation: "sweet, but . . ." blind dates came easier, and the basement became my early morning ivory tower.

Suddenly I was a sophomore, an ex-debutante, and almost twenty. Separation





ungraced cheesy sandwiches in the dining room. Comprehensives drained me of all I knew but renewed my chances of survival. I devoted myself to May Day practices and stayed out in town after the dance. I sought out a summer job that would challenge a wearied philosopher and teach her how to party with sophistication.

A shrunken circle of stable conservatives comprised the first meeting of the junior



class. Cliques had lost their mainstays and merged into a giant force prepared for a downhill obstacle course. I chose between an education bulletin board and an array of humanities courses. From the listening room of the library I watched autumn invade the square; at night I walked across and talked in Tom's about the relative merits of marriage and career.

Upon me was the gradual, subtle conviction that either was worth doing. It thrilled me to glimpse, in a rare objective view, the logic of the faculty's reaction to



our unlimited-overnights petition. I sacrificed a Duke-weekend for a trip home and my folks gave me the keys to a surprise.

The end was almost in sight—just around the corner of a last studential summer.

Why don't you hop into the car with me while I cruise through my last year at Salem. I'm turning the ignition key; you scan the table of contents and turn the page. . . .

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Martha Thornburg, Editor of "Sights and Insights"



*Mary McNeely Rogers, Associate Editor
Agnes Rennie, Photography Editor*

I LEFT Mac and Sissie in the SIGHTS and INSIGHTS office and stumbled over the uneven bricks in the catacombs. Linda stood by the bell, still looking for Mr. Wright.

The typewriter was still clicking. Then it stopped. They must be cropping pictures. I never did learn to spin the confusing little wheel and put red marks on Aggie's beauti-

ful pictures. It's more fun selling ads.

I looked down at the funny paper lying on top of a shaky stack and automatically began counting words. Then I knew it was past bedtime.

Linda punched me. "Wake up, sleepy, Mr. Wright's coming." She opened the door. The cold air felt good on my face.

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Chapter one

Administration

I BARELY made it to my seat before the processional began. Everybody turned to look at the row of black robes making its way to the stage. Opening convocation.

I never thought about it before, but this is one of the few times I see the faculty and administration in one big group. Almost every day I can see them in little gatherings—Dr. Lewis, Dr. Africa, Mr. Shewmake, and Dr. Spencer in the drugstore—or Mr. Campbell, Miss Covington, and Miss Simpson sitting around the lily pond.

I certainly do like Mrs. Heidbreder's blue regalia. Most attractive! And Mr. Sandresky . . . did I bid for the drive-in date he offered at the Y auction! The Gramleys attract a lot of bidders, too, with their bridge party. And dinners at the Britts' are popular. But the aesthetes go for Mr. Curlee's woodcraft.

Mr. "Pete" certainly is more dignified today than at his "let's sing" sessions, or at the faculty-student games. I like the

softball games best, I guess. Miss Byrd and Mrs. Scott are fabulous cheerleaders, and Miss Collett and Miss Bryson perform like professionals. How can the students help but forsake their team and cheer for the faculty!

They were all on the stage and we sat down after the invocation. It was Dr. Hixson's time to speak.

That reminds me. I must give Dr. Hixson that announcement before the first monthly faculty meeting. I certainly don't want any of them to miss the Follies. After all, they entertain us every fourth year. Dr. Welch is probably already concocting a new array of acts for 1958. I really don't see how she has time for such things.

The list of committees they utilize is unbelievable—calendar, curriculum, admissions, student government—the academic council and the one in charge of scholarships and student aid.

And we think we have a lot of things to do . . .

THIS book is a good one because text and photography leave something to the reader's imagination and reflection. Thus not everything is told; not everything pictured.

It is good personally to be listed in the table of contents, good to be involved in the plot, good to have been surrounded by so many heroines. My wish is that something of Salem's educational ideals, atmosphere, friendliness, traditions, and love will have rubbed off on each of her students.

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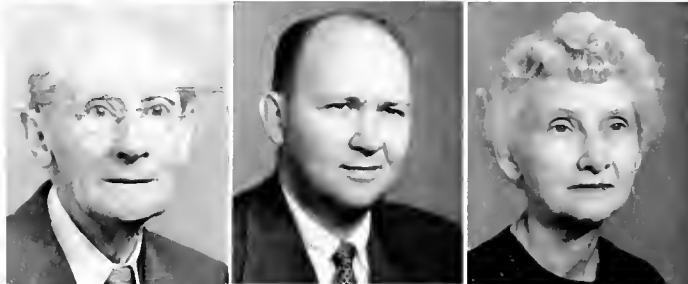
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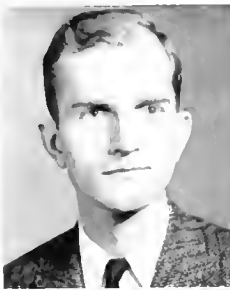
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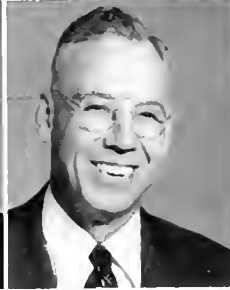




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Scene from Faculty-Student Volleyball Game





Chapter Two

Classes

WITH an uncontrollable sophomore spurt, I sprang from my seat. "But what good is it going to do you if you know everything science discovered and still can't get through "Macbeth" or sit through a concert or. . ."

My professor said, "Well, now. . . ." I knew he was deliberately provoking us into discussion. And he had succeeded. All of us were fighting for the floor. He repeated slowly, "Well, now, girls. Let me ask you. What good is all that superficial, surface knowledge going to do you when you get out in the world and have to earn a living?"

I got a head start. "Earning a living is not the important thing. It's learning how to live!" I knew immediately how high-flown that sounded. So I continued. "What I mean is—I think that a girl should have a liberal education so she will be prepared for anything that comes up. Marriage or career or both. And if she wants to be a lab technician, she ought first to study the humanities and learn to question the "why" of everything."

A girl on the back row came to life. "Well, it might be all right for a lab tech to take English and art and history and to edit the paper, but a music major needs to give every minute to her four years to music. Especially anybody taking applied music. I know the music profession expects perfection. And divided attention can ruin a music major quicker than anything."

I couldn't wait to answer. "Then music majors ought to isolate themselves in conservatories where they won't be tempted by other courses and extracurricular activities."

The bell put a fitting ending on my dramatic conclusion.

The professor grinned and sat still. "We haven't done much about the lesson today. Next time we'll have to double up. Read chapter seven. The eighteenth century had plenty of musicians and scientists and poets and philosophers. Enough for all of us. Even you."

He looked at me. I thought, "I'll take all of them. Gladly."

seniors

CHESTS were still being brought up the stairs. "Bitting is just like any other dorm, isn't it?" my roommate said, still opening doors in the room.



"Maybe. But look. What luxury. An adjoining bath." I said excitedly. Then I opened the closet door. "Oh, well. We can't have everything."

I came into the living room on Sunday night and gave a startled jump. All the furniture had been draped with white sheets. Someone shoved me back upstairs to strip my bed; one more lamp needed a "dust cover." Downstairs once more I

demanded an explanation. "Well, since we can't use it except for dates and guests, we decided to take care of it."

A better time was the Senior Follies. Lights were dimming, noisy murmuring was subsiding, and Martha and Ella Ann were beginning the overture. I heard Julia whisper, "All right, girls, you're on."

The music played on and we stood there. "Turn around and bow." I heard Agnes whisper to me. Accidentally I found myself in the right figure and soon it was over.

A lot of things were over. We had already been to our last Putz, Christmas





banquet, and *Messiah* at Centenary. We had planted a crab apple tree, sung Christmas carols to faculty families, and been to Senior Vespers.

Then one evening my roommate came in and said, "Hey, I thought you'd be packing. I came to help you move." A few hours later, settled in the Practice House, I went downstairs to get out dishes for the next morning's breakfast "experiment." It was late. I opened the cabinet door quietly and . . . crash! Down came glasses, dishes, shelf, and all. Plates kept coming and so did Miss Petrea. Soon I moved

back to Biting . . . and comprehensives.

"What time is it?" I asked a fellow-sufferer sitting beside me.

"Two o'clock," she replied. "And I haven't begun my sophomore notes yet."

A music major was sitting in the corner, humming a strange melody and staring at her composition notebook. In two weeks she would give her senior recital.



"Do you think we'll live through it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," my optimistic friend replied. "Other people have."

Senior Class Officers, left to right:

Denyse McLawhorn, President

Ann Coley, Vice-President

Jane Langston, Secretary

Carolyn Spough, Treasurer



Seniors



ERLINDA ABUEG, Quezon City, Philippines. An exchange student in 1954, a Salemite of her own choice this year . . . Full of tales of a summer in Philadelphia, and coming-out parties back home in the Philippines . . . An English major, she speaks it more correctly than the native Southern Bell . . . As exquisite as an oriental vase and as Ivy League as Bermuda shorts.



EMILY BAKER, Rocky Mount. Originator and director of the fabulous "Follies" . . . Doubles on May Day as Chairman and member of the court . . . Avid collector of drama books with gifted thumbs in Pierrette pies . . . Member of the Scorpions who actually enjoys practice teaching . . . Signified by her Yale man, summer matrimony plans, and a ring . . . Summer work as a costumer for "Unto These Hills" . . . A combination of many talents topped by naturally curly hair, a Roman profile, and an unrestrained giggle.

BETTY BALL BARRON, Winston-Salem. A former Salem student returned to finish a B.M. degree . . . Hornrimmed glasses, twinkling eyes, Woodbury complexion and a contagious grin . . . Consoles fellow slaves to the keyboard that life as a secretary is less enjoyable . . . Drives from home and little David each morning in her white Dodge. Endless hours of teaching piano and practice toward The Recital.





Seniors begin a tour of Old Salem with a visit to Restoration Headquarters

LOUISE BARRON, Rock Hill, S. C. A *Who's Who* who presides over Monday Council meetings with the wisdom of Solomon and the practicality of an old proverbial almanac in a Dorothy Dix era, with a South Carolinian drawl and a Norwegian flavor . . . A one time Mother of Clewell and tutor in great demand now uses both talents for practice teaching . . . An exacting mathematician . . . A selfless Scorpion, with the appetite of a bird and the energy of an atom.

NELLIE ANNE BARROW, Alberta, Va. The strongest supporter of Alberta with its one caution light . . . The capable on-campus veep, the veteran manager of the hockey team, and survivor of three years of rooming with Temple . . . Likes oysters, sociology, Eartha Kitt, and Bill . . . Always studying for a religion test, going to lab, or feeding the guinea pigs . . . Demure, quick to blush, sometimes quiet, but always in the center of the wheel.

BARBARA BERRY, Charlotte. One who takes every thing in her stride from practice teaching sixty children to cooking for six hungry Salemites in the Home Management house . . . An inevitable dater and a dean's lister . . . A hair cutter, make-up expert, and clothing advisor . . . Amazes all with smart clothes which she designs and makes . . . Punctually one of the early-to-bed and risers . . . One of undaunted poise and reserve.





In the Community Store they find unusual gifts such as spices, hand-made jewelry, and copperware.

JANE BOYD, Marion, Va.
The petite cowboy who endlessly rattles of original poems of the ole' West . . . Forsook cowboy boots for Tommy's diamond . . . Spends spare moments cranking up her green Buick convertible to scoot downtown for more trousseau lovelies . . . The campus paper's right hand woman . . . An avid, but confessed ignorant classical music lover . . . Always full of vitality despite Miss Byrd's English courses and practice teaching.

MARIANNE BOYD, Charlotte.
Latin books, French books, long hours of hard studying with wonderful results . . . Long chats with her favorite professor, Dr. Lewis . . . A lover of antiques backed by a dream of an old fashioned home furnished with them, a wearer of Faberge, velvet and pearls . . . Dark hair with deep-set waves, infectious laugh, and always a cheerful, "Hi!"

NANCY CAMERON, Lake Waccamaw.
A true Southern Belle from the shores of Lake Waccamaw . . . Appreciates the finer aspects of life—music, men, steaks, Hershey bars, and clothes . . . An ingénue with greying hair and doe eyes who needs a private phone and date book . . . Attends Bowman Gray parties, P. C. week-ends, music hours, and gracefully makes her bow to North Carolina Society . . . A mischievous streak denied by an angelic face with voice to match.



ANN CAMPBELL, Murfreesboro. A truly ambiguous personality; alternately sleek sophisticate and crazy mixed-up school girl, accomplished singer of arias as well as imitator of Johnny Ray and Sarah Vaughn . . . Wearer of oversized earrings, highly stylized clothes, big brown eyes, a wide bright smile, and an indulgent heart to fit this tall charming native of Murfreesboro . . . Efficient as president of I.R.S., spell-binder as a blues singer, and a knock-out to boys.



BETTY JEAN CASH, Winston-Salem. A day student with fingers in numerous pies . . . French major seen precluding and postluding for chapel or singing in the Chapel Quartet . . . A member of the "back room under Old Chapel" set and frequent visitor in the dorms . . . She rolls church organist and practice teaching into one well-organized bundle . . . A Scorpion with an avowed "no spare time," but always finds time for a friendly chat.



ANN COLEY, Winston-Salem. A constant companion of the early hours required of practice teachers and of punctually being late . . . Drives from her town residence to class each day in her blue and white Chevrolet convertible . . . A former student at Queens . . . Blue glasses, engaging smile and a silky blond head buried in English books.



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TEMPLE DANIEL, New Bern. The tomboy with a perpetual frog in her throat . . . Keeps the campus in stitches with her dry wit and imitations of Al Jolson . . . Home Ec. Club President who is learning the mysteries of housekeeping for her Joe . . . Whether distributing Winston cigarettes, drinking countless cokes, playing ping-pong, or driving her beloved Buick to practice teach, she is invariably the class clown who's expression of amazement is, "Gad, Christine!"



DAYL DAWSON, Chevy Chase, Md. The carrot-topped elf in a red and white flannel nightshirt . . . Broods over philosophy books till wee hours of morning . . . An enthusiast for doing the hula on piano tops . . . Never a night without a phone call or date . . . Tales of past loves abruptly ended with a diamond from Bob . . . A husky voice with a Yankee brogue and a famous rendition of "Poop-poop-de-doo."

SUZANNE DELANEY, Winston-Salem. As distinguished as Salzedo to the musical world is this student harpist to Salem . . . In constant demand for weddings, chapel, and also by the Winston-Salem Symphony . . . This auburn head is often found bent over bridge hands in the Day Student lounge . . . Needlessly tries to diet often . . . An ex-Saint Mary's girl taking coffee breaks with chats at Tom's.





Seniors try a game of chess in the Vogler House living room . . .

ROSE DICKINSON, Raleigh. A rusher and a hurrier from the first minute she hit Salem's campus after two years at Peace until the last minute of graduation . . . Always ready to "take off" with anyone, anytime . . . Full of energy, always talking (usually about Jonathan) . . . A practice teacher with summer matrimony plans . . . Often seen sketching some part of Salem's campus or working on posters for any occasion . . . Seen riding in a green Oldsmobile, or behind a catcher's mask.

VIVIAN FASUL, Fayetteville. One of the few bilingualists in school . . . Confounds operators with phone calls, not in English, but in Greek . . . Up, up, up, to the third floor South . . . Brush, rags, paint and behold, a masterpiece! Gay and happy moods to blue moods that don't last long . . . Casual clothes, cardigans, skirts, and loafers to slingback heels, cocktail dresses and pearls . . . Letters and gifts prove it was something else that made Milwaukee famous to "Viv" last summer.

TERRY FLANAGAN, Greenville. A provider of blind dates for the whole Senior class, extra clothes for that week end trip, and detailed notes for a test in any course . . . An English major, is shocked by Dylan Thomas, led to heated discussion of marriage by Chaucer, and convinced by Dante's *Divine Comedy* . . . Rocks the dorm with her weightlifting hiprolls and exists on zwieback and tomato soup . . . endless tales of trips to New York, a hunting lodge, and Occoma.





and examine eighteenth century "concoctions" in the kitchen.

SUSAN GLASER, Bethesda, Md. An ardent advocate of "Worshington," Yankee-Doodle, Yale, and Bob . . . Abhorer of cockroaches and poor bridge players . . . Effervescent, refreshing, accident-prone, and a favorite with Salem faculty as much as with her children at Central . . . Chief page turner for faculty recitals at Memorial Hall . . . Tells mischievous anecdotes that belie her naive looks . . . Auburn hair, limpid blue eyes, an infectuous laugh . . . Sometimes vague, but always lovable.

SARESS GREGG, Bennettsville, S. C. Beauty, like a magnolia blossom overlooking a plantation balcony and just as acclimated to the setting as the flower . . . Despite practice teaching, organic chemistry, and the many woes that befall Home-Ec. majors, patience remains her virtue and "Hurry" a foreign word . . . A KΑ pin, trips to P. C. and Dick foretell future plans . . . A South Carolinian drawl, tales of the "twins," and plans for Canterbury Club . . . always a demure look.

PEGGY HORTON, Hickory. The possessor of big brown eyes, long lashes, and a shrill voice always calling Bee-be . . . Mal's SPE pin, and more clothes than Jacques Fath . . . Pilots herself to physiology labs, hockey practice, Civic Music concerts and N. C. State in her Thunderbird . . . supports Winston cigarettes, consumes popcorn and cokes, and is teased about Mal and her "future twelve redheads."



SARA KATHRYN HUFF, Pulaski, Va. A Southern belle of the old South, distinguished as the youngest member of the class . . . Always off to the Science building, Lablings meeting, or U. Va. . . . Claims she's fickle, spoiled, and quite a worrier, but we know differently . . . Loves midnight snacks, television, hates cockroaches and Friday labs . . . A seasoned traveler, all the way from Pulaski (pop. 5,000) to capital cities of Europe.



JANE LANGSTON, Goldsboro. A booster of Goldsboro and the invention of Alexander G. Bell . . . Holds title of only one to ever receive forty letters on the same day from the same person . . . Perennial manager of the volleyball team . . . In her starched white collars, she looks like "Seventeen" but to Jimmy she's truly a "Mademoiselle" . . . One of constant friendliness, a gurgling laugh, blossoming red spots when excited and an excellent disposition.



POLLY LARKINS, Trenton. A combination- of all the cosmopolitan worldliness of a European tourist, and the practicality of a Jones County - bred Benjamin Franklin . . . Ready to discuss the merits of Mr. Shewmake, Adlai Stevenson, and ten good reasons why "You should vote Democratic" . . . Lover of music- whether listening soulfully to opera, or teaching "Picking Up Paw-Paws" to Brownies.



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Seniors



ELLA ANN LEE, Smithfield. Whether in a frat lounge playing blues or Memorial Hall performing one of three recitals, our musician is tops—at the piano as well as everywhere else . . . Fond of late snacks, coffee anytime, subtle wit, good-looking clothes and mischief . . . A former class President, Cosmo has managed without apparent effort to maintain an enviable A average . . . Tales of summer hotel work and a trip abroad have kept us wide-eyed or in stitches.



EMILY McCLURE, Varnville, S. C. Chief protector, defender and enthusiast of the *Salemite*, advocater of brides' books, and adorer of Tommy . . . Deep discussions with a Va-rn-ville accent . . . A newspaper woman personified by horn rimmed spectacles and trench coat . . . Avid collector of records . . . Always seen with a load of books under one arm and *Salemite* material under the other . . . Adopted the catacombs as her second home.

MARY ELIZABETH McCLURE, Graham. A petite blue-eyed red-head with the coldest hands and warmest heart . . . Exhibits great loyalty to "Grab'm" . . . Energetic in Business Managing the SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS, working on playgrounds for sociology courses, or listening sympathetically to little sister's problems . . . former "Mother" of Strong who loves pink, Chanel, cigarettes and Europe.





They pause for a chat beside the Fire House, a familiar sight in Salem Square . . .

EMILIA McCOTTER, New Bern. Will live, breathe and die for Eastern N. C. New Bern, that is . . . Wears a Kappa Sig pin from W and L and makes tracks for there on week ends . . . Has had history term papers and the same roommate for four years . . . Past President of I.R.C. and aspiring history teacher . . . Veep of E.T.A. . . . Head date-getter for W and L and a demon with a glass of water.

DENYSE McLAWHORN, Winterville. The songbird with three inch eyelashes which frame blue, blue eyes . . . Illustrious Senior class President from a one-horse (or rather, one stoplight) town. An incessant talker of summers in Georgia, plans for graduate work, but mostly of her lil' nieces and nephews . . . Plays "Mama" to the whole class . . . Strong advocate of "Jes' actin' natural" who becomes a "country girl" clad in mink.

MARGARET MARTIN, Winston-Salem. With rings on her fingers and her fingers on Spanish books . . . Divides her time between cooking and cleaning and studying and classes . . . equally adept at basketball, Spanish translations, balancing the food budget, and the price of eggs at Krogers . . . Wearing a beige coat, a shoulder bag, the inevitable mark of a day student, a short curly coiffure, and a friendly smile.





and see an upstairs bedroom in the Alumnae House.

MARY LOU MAUNEY, Charlotte. An amiable Southerner with an elongated drawl and a perfected imitation of a "real gone cat from way down east" . . . Never known to rush or to move faster than "Molasses" . . . A constant wearer of immaculate blouses, traveler to Charlotte, writer of letters to Dick, president and chief planner of the "Y" functions . . . With a weakness for shoes, tailored clothes . . . Excellent chef and housekeeper as only a Home-Ec major can be.

JODY MEILICKE, Bethlehem, Pa. A Pennsylvanian who is always ready to remind us that this is North Carolina . . . One of Mr. Campbell's disciples . . . Always seen in the Science Building in the afternoons, Society's kitchen at night, and Bowman Gray on week ends . . . Our white-clad researcher, digging up information about amoebae, Labling speakers, and med students.

NANCY MILHAM, Hamlet. A French and History major from Hamlet- "You mean you've heard of it?" . . . A practice teacher who resolves to let her pupils do all the work . . . A January graduate . . . Loves cheese and bright-colored dresses, hates math and term papers (but always finishes these two months before anyone else) . . . avid television fan . . . Makes many week-end trips to Hamlet and points eastward.



JEAN MILLER, Winston-Salem. Veep of Stee Gee who with chirping voice says, "I have the following announcements," at least once a week . . . Director of choir which showed enthusiasm by giving her a surprise birthday party . . . Specializes in singing (preferably in red) on music hour, for weddings, in choral ensemble, and for the love of it . . . Jim . . . I.R.S. . . . a former marshal.



BETTY MORRISON, Asheville. A fixture on the athletic field or the Kappa Sig House at Chapel Hill . . . The A.A. girl—Ardent Artist, Ardent Admirer (of "Rock") and, naturally, the Athletic Association's most loyal supporter . . . Paints canvas in lab and the town in a Buick convertible . . . Gracious—whether behind a cracked leather softball glove or presiding at a banquet . . . Listens to a lawyer's tale every week end . . . Hopes it will help her when she's "legally" his.



MARIAN MYERS, Raleigh. Early to bed and early to rise . . . A constant wearer of short haircuts . . . Devotee of Raleigh who wants to work in Atlanta . . . Dotes on very rare steaks and frequent trips to Davidson and Chapel Hill . . . Seen rushing around to get ads for the *Salemite* . . . A Sociology-economics major, who spends summers at Wake Forest summer school and touring the continent.



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Seniors



LIBBY NORRIS, Gastonia. From Music Hall and Miss Cash to the fundamental theorem of calculus and six hours of chemistry lab . . . Small in frame, big in heart, eyes that disappear when that broad smile appears . . . Behind her smile—a fury and determination that makes a fastidious mathematician and a Dean's lister . . . With an ever present attraction to Bowman Gray Doctors-to-be . . . Brown wavy hair, dimples . . . an invariable optimist.



PAT O'DAY, Winston-Salem. A transfer from Georgetown Junior College who collects, balances and guards the treasury of the Day Students . . . A history major who tackles term papers, Dr. Africa, and seminar with the same effervescent energy she uses for tennis, golf and bridge . . . An avowed culinary artist who delights in unusual dishes.

JULIA PARKER, Ahoskie. The voice of the Teeny Weeny Geni in May Dell . . . Pinky and stage lighter in Old Chapel . . . Former Marshal in Music Hall . . . Carries fifth grade books and a flannel board along with plans for her Pierrettes' Club . . . Black glasses and a pony tail, slacks and a piquant look . . . And "Come on, Phylliss."





They enter the wrought iron gate in front of the Belo House . . .

SARA MARIE PYLL, Rowland. A blond bombshell in an Apache costume metamorphosed into a domesticated cook and seamstress . . . One who claims there is such a place as Rowland and alternated her visits there with Duke . . . Studies to become an expert housewife but feels being a doctor's wife will come naturally . . . A generous contributor of her artistic abilities, a thriver on summer school . . . And a hard worker in a small package.

BETH PAUL, Washington. China doll complexion topped with dark natural curls . . . Laughing eyes and constant smile that belies the fury with which she tackles both her history and piano majors . . . A member of the Phi Alpha Theta fraternity and also of the set that establishes the Alpha and Omega of Music Hall hours . . . Talks incessantly and invariably exclaims, "that's scrumpt!" . . . Dotes on steaks, Arpege, odd color combinations, summer school and dream trips to Bermuda and Hawaii.

NANCY PETERSON, Winston-Salem. A *Who's Who* . . . Presiding over town students who daily congregate in Day student center . . . Remaining late on Mondays for council meetings and faculty recitals . . . Generously transporting "borders" to Civic concerts . . . A femme fatale in the chorus line of "Follies" and demure planner of Mothers' Tea . . . A piano major marked by devotion to long practice hours, idolizing little students, and to Mr. Heidemmann.





... and see an original log cabin.

NANCY PROCTOR, Greenville. Blonde version of Martha Raye behind a stove and sink . . . Her range of comedy is exceeded only by the range of her voice, shown best in its upper regions by the song she made famous, "You Made Me What I Am Today," . . . Dotes on Greenville, spaghetti with Parmesan cheese, Greenville, classical records, Greenville, chocolate eclairs, E.C.C. men, and oh, yes, Greenville.

AGNES RENNIE, Richmond, Va. A pace setter . . . Walking with camera in hand to snap pictures for *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, *A Scorpion* and *Who's Who* who wistfully recounts summer in Oslo and dreams of Wisconsin for the future . . . A disciple of Dr. Lewis and enthusiast of French Lit. . . . Dimples and angel hair singing in the Presbyterian choir . . . Vigor and vitality on the hockey field . . . Possessor of a Norwegian ski sweater, a Virginia accent, and an A average . . . Scholar and Schoolgirl.

MARY McNEELY ROGERS, Mooresville. A culture enthusiast with the zeal of a flaming white charger . . . A diligent worker, be her job teaching magnets to third graders or writing seventy-five hundred word term papers for Dr. Spencer . . . A born leader with opinions and a willfulness to express them . . . F.T.A., *Salemite*, *SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS*, "Y" . . . A constant companion of typewriters, wee hours, and Donald . . . A *Scorpion* suspended somewhere between cold reality and the ideal.



MARY BENTON ROYSTER, Durham. "Sleep, sleep, wherefore art thou sleep?" The girl who takes a ten minute nap every fifteen minutes . . . Yet the busy Associate Editor of the *Salomite* . . . Chauffeur of a black and white Dodge . . . Wears the wings and engagement ring of her flyboy . . . Walks, between naps, to the post office for letters from Puerto Rico . . . A dreamer with books, June wedding plans and a second grade.



NANCY DUFFY RUSSELL, Beaufort. And ex-belle of Saint Mary's with a humorous outlook on life and a burning love for the bird shoals of Morehead . . . A young lady with a horn in the brass class . . . An observer of public school music classes and symphony rehearsals . . . An invariable goer to Thursday afternoon music hours, faculty and civic concerts . . . A professed fan of basketball, tall-girl clothes, flicks, shrimp boats, cornets and doughnuts on Sundays.



MARY ALICE RYALS, Benson. The possessor of the "Complete Wardrobe," that Edith Head know-how, and a date every night of the week . . . Can be found "dancing with Henry" at Wrightsville Beach or in Roaring Gap, "Bent-son," or Sea Conch, Rhode Island . . . Worries about Theory 102 and being an old maid . . . Has an affinity for cashmere sweaters, records, and charge accounts . . . Femininity in a Brooks Brothers shirt.



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BETTY SAUNDERS, Conover. A home-loving girl who nightly locks the doors of Bitting and daily reminds us to keep the living room neat . . . Dreams of keeping house for Lee, instead of Miss Petrea, become a reality this summer . . . A diamond-bedecked left hand on the wheel of her blue and white Buick that often conveys her to Conover . . . Exclusive Coiffeur who styles hair in the basement over cokes and tales of practice teaching.



PHYLLISS SHERRILL, Lenoir. Statuesque, brunette with green eyes and Grecian poise . . . Can be a Parisian dancer or entertain a second grade . . . Trips to Lenoir or U.N.C. Mr. Sandman's partner and Julia's roommate . . . As the S.P.E. pledge dance queen or with glandular fever—last to breakfast, lunch and supper as she calls, "Wait for me," or "I'm coming" . . . She's slow and agile, but she's our smiling friend—Christmas.

CAROLYN SPAUGH, Charlotte. A slim Sunday sophisticate with arched eyebrows and model potentials, a weekday college kid playing the "Hoover Rhapsody" on the Home Management house vacuum . . . Enthusiastic over water skiing, aesthetic over "Tristram and Isolde," and fiendish over pots and pans . . . Dotes on vogueish clothes, Charlotte, two older brothers, "And the angels lit the candles."





While touring the Old Salem Museum, Seniors pose in the covered wagon

ANNIE TESCH, Winston-Salem. A spendthrift of hours making the Honor Society, receiving a Latin major, and practice teaching . . . One of the Tesch's "little women," who leaves Salem with an enviable record . . . Singer in the Chapel Quartet and Choral Ensemble . . . Exhibits a friendly smile behind the desk in the library, while boarding occasional nights on campus, and always to passer-bys . . . A working scholar and the possessor of talented fingers for sewing.

MARTHA THORNBURG, Hickory. Edits the annual, gives piano recitals, and reigns as May Queen with unmatched talent and genuine charm . . . Most constant watcher of the weehours . . . Member of Scorpions and *Who's Who* . . . And devotee of Norway . . . With avid interests in drama, Berea, "Lost Colony," and John . . . Possessor of quick repartee, delights in the light fantastic . . . An inexhaustible runner up to Music Hall, down to the Catacombs, after Woodrow Wilson, and to Chapel Hill.

DOROTHY TYNDALL, Mt. Airy. Carolina week-ends, chorus lines, and blue glasses for a blue-eyed blond . . . Tales of a summer at Carolina . . . A music major with an A.B. degree who is called from "the distant shores" of Music Hall, science lab, and term papers . . . But has time for "her men" . . . A European traveler who still appreciates Mother's brownies, Mt. Airy, and week ends at Annapolis.





ANN WILLIAMS, Henderson. Possessor of quiet, tranquil good-naturedness and abilities put to use as business manager of *Salemite* and as cook at the Home Management house . . . Is seen cruising in her light green Pontiac to B.S.U. meetings and to a hospitable aunt's on Sundays . . . Talks of summers camping in the mountains and working in Henderson . . . Takes piano lessons for the fun of it and is an incessant manicurist . . . Wearer of much blue and a serene countenance.



PAT MALONE WILSON, Raleigh. The envy of the Senior Class with her December wedding, and, of course, her Joe . . . Seen as hostess at "Practice House teas" first semester, and a real-life housewife second . . . With all the steadfast purpose of a girl who knew what she wanted—a Sigma Nu pin, a ring, and then another—and got it, in that order . . . She's remembered as the first successful graduate.



MARY BROWN, Winston-Salem. While most of her classmates were vacationing, she was busy getting ads for the Handbook . . . Seen keeping up the morale of the Day Student Center with her wit . . . Or in a more serious mood in Stee Gee meetings . . . Talks often of Ed and law . . . The efficient Treasurer of Student Government . . . With a casual walk and a continual smile.

At Christmas, Seniors attend the Putz and see the Nativity Scene.



Ex-Members of the Class of '56

<i>Name . . .</i>	<i>Hometown . . .</i>	<i>Note . . .</i>
Roberta Glenn Ashburn	Mount Airy	Mrs. John S. Thorpe
Lucy Jennette Bishop	Belhaven	Mrs. Carl Robbins
Bonnie Sue Bowman	Elkin	working
Elizabeth Anne (Bebe) Brown	Jacksonville, Fla.	Mrs. Stewart Ira
Thomas Gray Brown	Winston-Salem	Army
Elizabeth (Betty) Brunson	Albemarle	transfer, U.N.C.
Mary Helen Burns	Kershaw, S. C.	transfer, University of Alabama
Elizabeth Ann Bulter	Morganton	Mrs. Thomas Walton
Donald Caldwell	Panama	Mrs. Surse Pierpoint
Alice James Carter	Selma, Ala.	transfer, University of Alabama
Claire Chesnut	Columbus, Ga.	Mrs. Jesse Henley
Fielding Combs	Winston-Salem	working
Josephine Cullifer	Murfreesboro	transfer, U.N.C.
Harriett Ann Davis	Charlottesville, Va.	Mrs. Bill Adams
Joy Dixon	Charlotte	Mrs. Spencer Frantz
Mary Ceile Flowers	Winston-Salem	Mrs. Sam Ogburn
Lynda George	Columbia, S. C.	Mrs. P. T. Snow
Elizabeth (Betsy) Giles	Chapel Hill	Mrs. Robert Kirksey
Barbara Green	Danville, Va.	transfer, Stratford
Joy Harrison	Plymouth	Mrs. W. C. Rodman
Margaret Hartshorn	Houston, Texas	Mrs. Bryant Young
Peggy Hawkins	Goldsboro	Mrs. Richard Griswold
Emily Howell	Goldsboro	transfer, Guilford
Diane Huntly	Chapel Hill	Mrs. Alfred Hamer
Alverta Hutton	Hickory	Mrs. Gary Segmon
Betty Sue Justice	Fitzgerald, Ga.	transfer, Duke
June Kipe	Plainfield, N. J.	Mrs. Donald Parker
Sally Knight	Charlottesville, Va.	transfer, Finch
Thelma Lancaster	Rocky Mount	transfer, Wake Forest
Ruth Lott	Asheville	transfer, U.N.C.
Susan McLamb	Goldsboro	transfer, U.N.C.
Ann Marlow	Goldsboro	transfer, University of Alabama
Lane Owre	Raleigh	Mrs. Roland Beam
Bonnie Quackenbush	Winston-Salem	Mrs. Gerald Chasse
Margaret Raiford	Erwin	working
Patsy Roberson	Robersonville	Mrs. James Langston
Peggy Roberts	Anniston, Ala.	transfer, University of Alabama
Eleanor Smith	Columbia, S. C.	Mrs. Robert Stogner
Joann Smith	Winston-Salem	transfer, Duke
Shirley Taylor	Winston-Salem	Mrs. Clyde Gobble
Ann Lynn Thompson	Winston-Salem	Mrs. Paul Hennie, Jr.
Eleanor Walton	Glen Alpine	Mrs. Bill Neal
Sandra Whitlock	Ipswich, England	Mrs. Theodore Driscoll
Nancy Ziglar	Madison	Mrs. Joe Hicks

Juniors

IT was smoky and noisy in Morris Service. I sat in a cramped corner booth and watched Saturday afternoon shoppers hurrying by the window. An October nip in the air had driven most of them inside,



but I didn't care if people and packages made a wall against my table because I had a seat.

The juke box droned a muffled "Sixteen Tons" accompaniment to the ache that ran from my wind-blown head to the new corn on my little toe. Bruises from the last hockey game and sore muscles from the volleyball tournament added to my misery. I was consoled only by the

thought that we had won the hockey tournament and become the volleyball champions, too.

But my muscles still ached and I got the attention of the waitress and ordered. I need to hurry, I convinced myself. I still have crepe paper, pins, jack-o-lanterns, and one more door prize to get.

The Junior Halloween Carnival had been a wonderful idea until this afternoon. In three hours of pleading for prizes I had found that it takes work to turn original ideas into money. If we could make money as easily as we were inspired, the Junior-Senior banquet would be a push-over.





I remembered the rabid enthusiasm in our class meetings and Strong basement transformed into a bookshop for the book exchange project. And now Old Chapel was being transformed into a carnival site.

The people without afternoon classes are probably setting up booths now, I thought. And they're more than likely still rounding up cakes for the cake walk.

At the thought of cake my stomach growled. When was that hamburger coming? I would like to have cake and ice cream, too, for dessert, but I'd better count calories and pennies until after the little sister dinner next week, I reasoned. They were so cute and excited when I invited

them out. I hope they don't suspect how little I feel like a Big Sister.

With nineteen hours, newspaper, Pierrettes, education bulletin boards, and the treasurer's book in the red, some of the glamour has worn thin. It's a good thing we re-decorated South's living room with new gray walls and rug and put up the little lamp outside Strong before our last bit of creativity drained into money-making ideas.

I was in one of those reminiscent moods that had been bothering me since I became an upperclassman. I continued to muse over my hamburger. In spite of hard work, a sort of romantic haze left from summer adventures hung over the class. It is like the haze of the blue smoke in here. We still can't realize that we are juniors. Perhaps at hat-burning, when we take the senior robes of responsibility, we'll really feel like upperclassmen. But, goodness, when will I find time to make a hat of frivolity!

My hamburger was gone when the waitress brought my coffee. I hoped it would give me enough energy to finish shopping and get back to the bus stop. They were waiting to wrap the door prizes.

Junior Class Officers, left to right:

President, Judy Graham

Vice-President, Ann Hale

Secretary, Carol Cooke

Treasurer, Sujette Davidson





First row, left to right:

Madeline Allen, Troy; Mary Avera, Rocky Mount; Thrace Baker, Greenville, S. C.; Barbara Bell, Currie.



Second row:

Barbara Blackwell, Winston-Salem; Nancy Blum, Winston-Salem; Bren Bunch, Statesville; Betty Byrum, Sunbury.



Third row:

Carol Campbell, Baltimore, Md.; Kate Cobb, Smithfield, Va.; Carol Cooke, Durham; Mrs. Cecelia Corbett, Winston-Salem.



Fourth row:

Ann Greshaw, Belmont; Peggy Daniel, Charlotte; Suet-jette Davidson, Lynchburg, Va.; Elinor Dodson, Galax, Va.



Fifth row:

Barbara Durham, Lynchburg, Va.; Mary Margaret Dzevol-touskas, La Exposition, Panama; Juanita Efird, Monroe; Dotty Ervin, Morganton.

Juniors

Juniors in South take a 10:00 break.

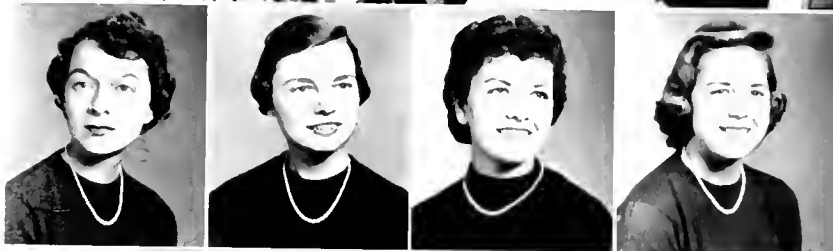


Study time in Strong



First row, left to right:

Pat Flynt, Rural Hall; Betty Lou Fulp, Winston-Salem; Toni Gill, Elizabeth City; Brenda Goerdel, Kingsport, Tenn.



Second row:

Suzanne Gordon, Lynchburg, Va.; Judy Graham, Bartow, Fla.; Pat Greene, Ahoskie; Ann Hale, Winston-Salem.



Third row:

Harriet Harris, Winchester, Tenn.; Ann Holt, Burlington; Margaret Hogan, Kinston; Ann Knight, Charlotte.



Fourth row:

Jane Little, Wadesboro; Becky Doll McCord, Charlotte; Anne Miles, Summerville, S. C.; Nell Newby, Thomasville.



Fifth row:

Susan Oddie, Winston-Salem; Katherine Oglesby, Kinston; Louise Pharr, Charlotte; Mrs. Mary Cecil Price, Winston-Salem.





First row, left to right:

Joan Reich, Statesville; Kath-
erine Scales, Augusta, Ga.;
Jane Shiflet, Marion; Celia
Smith, Kingsport, Tenn.



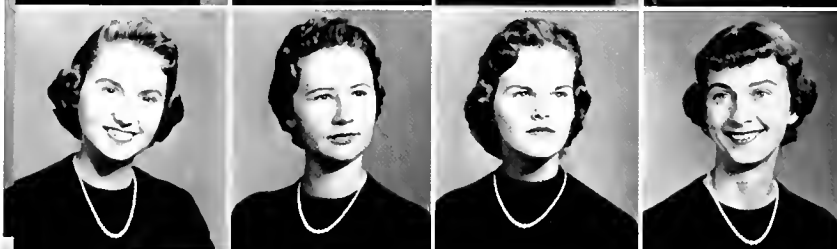
Second row:

Joan Smitherman, Elkin;
Sarah Smothers, Reidsville;
Sudie Spain Jenkins, Green-
ville; Marcia Stanley, Char-
lotte.



Third row:

Joyce Taylor, Gastonia; Rose
Tiller, Draper; Mary Thomp-
son, Yanceyville; Sarah Vance,
Kernersville.



Fourth row:

Mary Walton, Glen Alpine;
Pattie Ward, Wilmington;
Nancy Warren, Gastonia; Ann
Darden Webb, Morehead
City.



Fifth row:

Kay Williams, Charlotte; Jane
Wrike, Graham.

Not Pictured:

Sarah Eason, Tarboro; David
Hardison, Winston-Salem; Pat-
sy Hopkins, Winston-Salem;
Duksung Hyun, Seoul, Korea;
Linda March, Winston-Salem.

Juniors

*Opposite: Junior milliners get ready
for Hatching.*



Sophomores

I SLID into the booth and straightened my crinolines. Sure seems funny to be dressed up here in Tom's, I thought. "One toasted cheese sandwich, a bag of Fritos, and a large coke, please."



I watched Danny lazily slap two pieces of bread on the grill. Then I turned and through the big plate-glass window I could see the last hustle and bustle of school. Some members of our class came scurrying out of the post office, chattering over plans of jobs, house parties, Myrtle Beach, and even weddings.

Nothing had been novel this year; for we were no longer freshmen, I reasoned.

But we were "wise fools," accused even in editorials of sophomoritus. And were our egos ever deflated by that particular *Salemite!*

We proved our class status, though, when rat court came. I can see Linda, adorned with a ghastly white wig, sentencing "the trembling frosh." It was difficult at times to keep a deadpan expression—especially since we remembered exactly how we felt last year! Ugh. I can still smell the dissected dog down in Sisters' "rat skellar."

Danny was still laboring over the sandwich. I was still thinking. We slave over the books, though. And how we struggled through Spenser, Milton, and the rest of English lit. Our majors and faraway careers made good food for conversation. We would be everything and anything from wives and teachers to diplomats, lawyers, and airline hostesses . . . or even architects.

Lots of times Dr. Lewis has sat right here, advising us while we downed a second cup of Tom's coffee. He seemed to be the only one who understood our minor, short-lived rebellions, mostly talk, against rules. But, oh, how we pleaded for unlimited overnights.

We found that it wasn't enough to wade through tests, labs, term papers, and exams. At last came the inevitable sophomore camps. After they were over we trudged back to the dorm, still bemoaning our negligence about newspaper reading.

The *Salemite* was a different matter, though. We read it religiously, every Friday night. And many of us wrote furiously to make the Wednesday deadline. There was work for the Y, the A.A. Council (class spirit dragged during tournaments), and Stee Gee.

And the whole class, led by Curt, madly rushed to make the banquet a bang-up beginning for Christmas vacation. Presents were wrapped by mass production methods, lyrics were written in the dead of night, and Santa Claus was engaged for the evening. I think we enjoyed it more than anyone—except the faculty's children.

Our parties were many and most often on Saturday nights. The College Inn, spaghetti and pizza pie, the little, smoke-filled back room with a juke box, Gingham Tavern and its red-checked tablecloths and candlelight.

We missed nothing. The Christmas

Snow Ball and the May Day Dance; football week-ends and fraternity parties.

And then afterwards there came the gabble of excited voices telling of conquests made and "shafts" received. *C'est la vie*.

After meals we played bridge, fan-tan, and multiple sol. We constantly laughed and joked and had intense discussions on every subject known to man. Most of the time there was ridiculous, uncontrolled laughter and "music in the air," whether vocal, 45 RPM, or upright piano.

Always there was the other side, though. And our study rooms were never without curling, gray smoke.

I looked at the clock and remembered that it was almost time for my folks to come. Let me see. Did I remember to put that tennis racquet in?

Danny ambled over with my order. I ate in a hurry, still watching the people who had made a final trip into the post office.

Up at the front I unsnapped my red leather wallet, carefully counted out forty-two cents and stood at the cash register. I read the little cartoons scotch-taped on its brown back for the fiftieth, and perhaps last, time.

Sophomore Class Officers, left to right:
President, Mary Jane Galloway
Vice-President, Lynn Blalock
Secretary, Mamie Craig
Treasurer, Jane Bradford





First row, left to right:

Lillian Allen, Weldon; Judith Anderson, Winston - Salem; Lynn Blalock, Winston-Salem; Mary Archer Blount, Kinston.

Second row:

Martha Ann Bowles, Winston-Salem; Jane Bradford, Marion; Jane Bridges, Pottstown, Pa.; Mary Elizabeth Britt, La Grange.

Third row:

Dianne Byers, Kingsville, Texas; Linda Lou Chappell, Charlotte; Susan Childs, Kingsport, Tenn.; Christine Clark, Hendersonville.

Fourth row:

Mescal Coe, Winston-Salem; Mary Lewis Craig, Gastonia; Nancy Cridlebaugh, High Point; Sue Davis, Atlantic.

Fifth row:

Josephine Debnam, Wilmington; Myra Eaves, Rutherfordton; Malin Ehinger, Halmstad, Sweden; Barbara Evans, Beckley, W. Va.

Sophomores



Transformed Ichman Hall becomes a luxurious sophomore dorm.

*In the basement of Sisters, Miss Byrd's
angels find refuge from leaky faucets*

Sophomores



First row, left to right:

Nancy Evans, Nashville; Mary
Hadley Fike, Wilson; Anne
Fordham, Greensboro; Sarah
Fordham, Winston-Salem.



Second row:

Barbara Fowler, Mount Airy;
Mary Jane Galloway, Rock
Hill, S. C.; Judy Golden,
Leaksville; Sue Gregory,
Rocky Mount.



Third row:

Mary Anne Hagwood, Elkin;
Louise Hammer, Winston-Sa-
lem; Lynne Hamrick, Win-
ston-Salem; Kay Hannan,
Lumberton.



Fourth row:

Terry Harmon, Greenville,
Tenn.; Elise Harris, Mount
Airy; Marion Harris, Win-
chester, Tenn.; Lucy Hender-
son, China Grove.



Fifth row:

Lillian Holland, Greensboro;
Marjorie Holland, Lumberton;
Marybelle Horton, Statesville;
Jeanne Humphrey, Lumber-
ton.





First row, left to right:

Peggy Ingram, High Point;
Anis Ira, Jacksonville, Fla.;
Jean Jacobs, Chevy Chase,
Md.; Martha Jarvis, Coral
Gables, Fla.

Second row:

Gloss Jennette, Elizabeth City;
Duart Jennette, Washington;
Martha Ann Kennedy, Cov-
ington, Tenn.; Mary Cook
Kolmer, Salem, Va.

Third row:

Martha Lackey, Statesville;
Gail Landers, Columbia,
Tenn.; Molly Lynn, Front
Royal, Va.; Patsy McAuley,
Rocky Mount.

Fourth row:

Barbara McMann, Danville,
Va.; Amory Merritt, Atlantic
Beach, Fla.; Claudia Milham,
Hamlet; Nollner Morrissett,
Lynchburg, Va.

Fifth row:

Barbara Pace, Wilmington;
Miriam Quarles, Raleigh;
Imogene Reed, Winston-
Salem; Shirley Redlack,
Statesville.

Sophomores

*Sophomore pages light candles at Sen-
tor Vespers.*



With smiling faces, Sophomores greet the Freshmen at Rat Court.

Sophomores



First row, left to right:

Connie Rhodes, Jacksonville, Fla.; Charlton Rogers, Bennettsville, S. C.; Mary Gladys Rogers, Asheville; Barbara Rowland, Birmingham, Ala.



Second row:

Agnes Sams, Statesville; Nancy Sexton, Narrows, Va.; Betsy Smith, Mount Airy; Ernestine Spencer, Gastonia.



Third row:

Peggy Thompson, Lumberton; Jane Topping, Pantego; Jeanette Verreault, Valdeese; Nancy Walker, Kinston.



Fourth row:

Betty Webster, Madison; Vivian Williams, Battleboro; Mary Curtis Wrike, Graham.

Not pictured:

Mrs. Evelyn Hunt Anderson, Winston-Salem; Mary Dunn McCotter, New Bern; James Reich, Winston-Salem.



Freshmen

I WALKED into my room, turned on the radio, and flopped on my bed to rest after that Wednesday afternoon chemistry lab. On the radio "I'll Never Stop Loving You" was playing, but it wasn't as



pretty as when Kackie sang it during my first week here at Salem.

That first week was Orientation—tests, parties, meetings, learning new names, and, of course, with the help of my senior advisor, getting acquainted with that little aqua handbook. "And what was that about signing out and in?"

Before I realized it, the time came to register for my classes. I sat in Davy,

looking through a catalogue. Sue came in after a conference with Dr. Hixson: "Oh no! I have to take math. I'll never pass it." I looked at my watch. It was time for the meeting with my faculty advisor. He patiently answered the questions no one else had time to hear; I felt better as I walked back to the dorm.

In front of South two girls were greeting each other as if they had been separated for three years; the rest of the upper-classmen were arriving. Then I met my big sister. She sat with me at dinner on Sunday, and took me to a coffee afterward in the Friendship Rooms. The next week she took me to the Steak House for dinner. These were not my only meetings with my big sister—she must have grown weary consoling me when I was down in the dumps.

There was a formal assembly officially opening first semester. I shivered in fright when I saw the faculty sitting on the stage. My fright turned to envy when I saw the Seniors march in, wearing their caps and gowns for the first time.

Classes started, and I got my first college assignments. "Why didn't someone tell me how to take notes?"

Just when I reached the saturation point, Rat Week began. The night of Rat Court I was panicked, and for days afterward, I started to salute every time I saw a Sophomore. I had fun, though, and we were all proud of Barelay for being chosen Best Rat.

The end of Rat Week seemed to take all excitement with it, but then I found myself looking forward to Saturday nights. With a few notable exceptions, my blind dates were usually cute. Guess I was lucky. And then there were the Saturday nights with the other dateless girls, watching TV. . . .

I put my calendar beside my bed and started counting the days until Thanksgiving. I found that this was unnecessary; songs in the dining room kept me well informed. When the time came to leave, I packed enough for three weeks, and went home for the first time since September.

I came back to school with Christmas on my mind. I loved the Christmas dance and the banquet. But I couldn't understand why the Seniors cried so much at the banquet—I had a wonderful time. And I'll never forget our party in the

basement of Clewell—or how confused I was when I first heard people talking about "peanuts."

Another vacation was soon gone, and to my surprise I realized that I had really missed my new friends—and even Clewell. I had to start studying again: I had forgotten to take my books home. Exam time came. I hated myself for taking so many notes. Oh, that biology and history! It still amazes me that I passed any of my exams.

Then I registered for second semester and immediately made New Year's resolutions—again. March was the longest month of the year. After that came May Day, and I was so proud of the Freshman attendants—Zoe and Susan. The dance that night even surpassed the one at Christmas—or maybe it was my date! The date room of Clewell was packed, and I was grateful for the Junior breakfast. After my second cup of coffee, I heard the 12:45 bell, and we rushed back to Clewell, joined the mob, and I signed in, and . . .

Golly! It's six o'clock, and I've been daydreaming for nearly an hour. "Hey save me a seat at supper."

*Freshman Class Officers, left to right:
President, Mary Griffin Wooten
Vice-President, Jane Noel
Secretary, Martha Duvall
Treasurer, Martha Wilkinson*





First row, left to right:

Sara Adams, Greenville; Al-
lene Alston, Littleton; Sue
Alvis, Washington, D. C.;
Katherine Anthony, Gastonia.



Second row:

Sally Badgett, Lynchburg, Va.;
Jane Bailey, Davidson; Barclay
Ball, Portland, Oreg.; Ruth
Bennett, Hartsville, S. C.



Third row:

Laura Bible, Dandridge,
Tenn.; Mary Ann Boone,
Greensboro; Margie Boren,
Greensboro; Martha Bright,
Greensboro.



Fourth row:

Ann Brinson, Coconut Grove,
Fla.; Merrie Jane Browne,
Charlotte; Salie Browne, Pan-
ama City, Fla.; Mary Cal-
houn, Anderson, S. C.



Fifth row:

Mickey Clemmer, Hickory;
Sue Cooper, Selma, Ala.; Betty
Craig, Bassett, Va.; Mary
Carolyn Crook, Rock Hill,
S. C.

Freshmen



Using that last light cut in Davy.

"... and Ed love to come up for
Gingham Tarts."

Freshmen



First row, left to right:

Carol Crutchfield, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mary Frances Cunningham, Winston-Salem; Ellen Daniel, Mullins, S. C.; Joan Davis, Reidsville.



Second row:

Claudia Derrick, Clayton, Ga.; Gray Duncan, Burlington; Martha Duvall, Cheraw, S. C.; Suzanne Fant, Greenville, S. C.



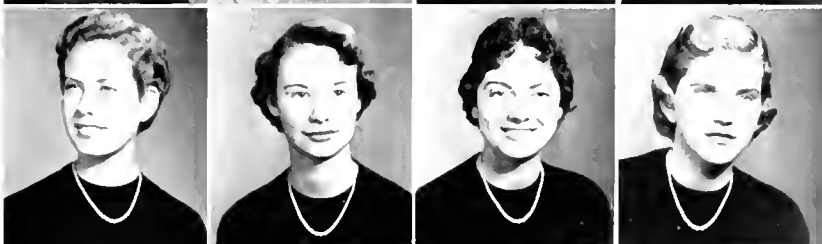
Third row:

Dena Fasul, Fayetteville; Margaret Fletcher, Elkin; Carolyn Garrison, Hamlet; Janet Garrison, Charlotte.



Fourth row:

Martha Goddard, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Mary Gratz, Richmond, Va.; June Gregson, Richmond, Va.; Anne Grisette, Raleigh.



Fifth row:

Barbara Hale, Oak Ridge, Tenn.; Derry Jo Hardage, Jacksonville, Fla.; Shirley Hardy, Bethel; Mary Evelyn Harrison, Winston-Salem.





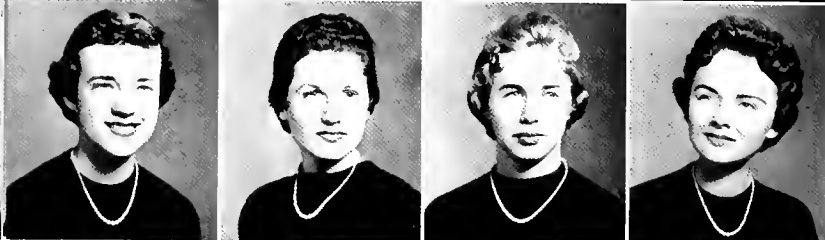
First row, left to right:

Phylliss Hedrick, Lenoir; Sylvia Ann Hedrick, Winston-Salem; Shian Helms, Monroe; Patricia Houston, Charlotte.



Second row:

Nancy Jo Hurst, Winston-Salem; Mary Lois James, Maxton; Clayton Jones, Charlotte; Miriam Joyner, Enfield.



Third row:

Rebecca Keel, Bethel; Audrey Kennedy, Rocky Mount; Susan Kerr, Jamestown; Patsy Kidd, Thomasville.



Fourth row:

Patty Kimbrough, Davidson; Susan Kuss, Allentown, Pa.; Katherine Lamar, Macon, Ga.; Barbara Lennon, Spartanburg, S. C.



Fifth row:

Deanna Lewis, High Point; Murrianne Linker, Clemmons; Clarice Long, Selma, Ala.; Martha McCabe, Jacksonville, Fla.

Freshmen

Under Sophomore orders, Freshmen march to Old Chapel for Rat Court.



That inescapable once-a-week tradition - a trip to the laundry



Freshmen

First row, left to right:

Faye McDuffie, Winston-Salem; Jane McIntosh, Marion; Martha McClure, Graham; Susan McIntyre, Lumberton.



Second row:

Margaret McQueen, Clinton; Joan Milton, Winston-Salem; Sarah Monroe, Jacksonville, Fla.; Hila Moore, Jacksonville, Fla.



Third row:

Jerome Moore, Tarboro; Martha Emily Myers, Winston-Salem; Marian Neamand, Swannanoa; Margaret Newsome, Winston-Salem.



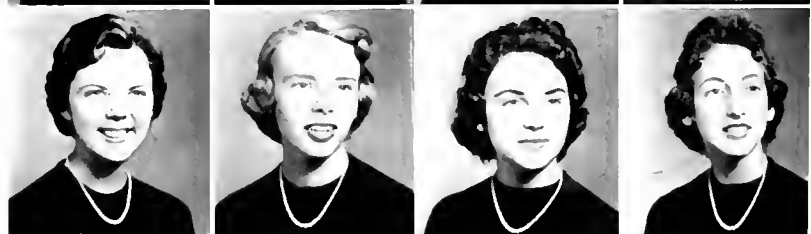
Fourth row:

Jane Noel, Winston-Salem; Lucinda Oliver, Rocky Mount; Mary Frances Patrick, Belmont; Ann Pearce, Greensboro.



Fifth row:

Joy Perkins, Stokes; Sarah Ann Price, Kannapolis; Iva Roberts, Leaksville; Erwin Robbins, Rocky Mount.





First row, left to right:

Rachel Rose, South Miami, Fla.; Jane Rostan, Shelby; Betty Jon Satchwell, Wilson; Cordellia Scruggs, Fayetteville.



Second row:

Patricia Shiflet, Marion; Marilyn Shull, Chevy Chase, Md.; Anne Siler, Gastonia; Elizabeth Smith, Rocky Mount.



Third row:

Jean Smitherman, Elkin; Jean Stone, Sanford; Anne Summerell, Gastonia; Camille Suttle, Suttle, Ala.



Fourth row:

Elizabeth Taylor, Wilmington; Mary Thaeler, Bethlehem, Pa.; Sarah Jane Thompson, Jacksonville, Fla.; Marcille Van Lier, Mebane.



Fifth row:

Eve Van Vleck, South Orange, N. J.; Noel Vossler, Fayetteville; Meriwether Walker, Oxford; Lynn Warren, Kingsport, Tenn.

Freshmen



"Excuse me, but how many girls did you say make up a group?"

A smile for Jane Carter's publicity pictures . . . and the newspaper at home.

Freshmen



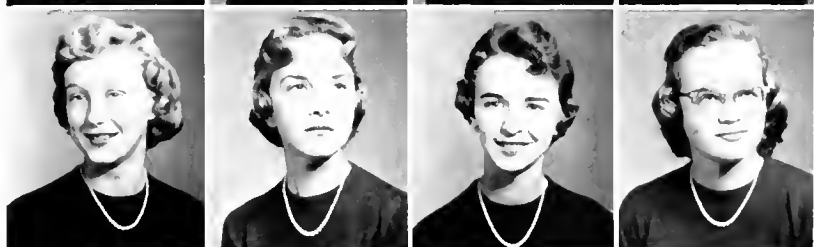
First row, left to right:

Janet Waters, Goldsboro; Zoe Ruth Weber, Gastonia; Virginia White, Rock Hill, S. C.; Margaret Whitehurst, Rocky Mount.



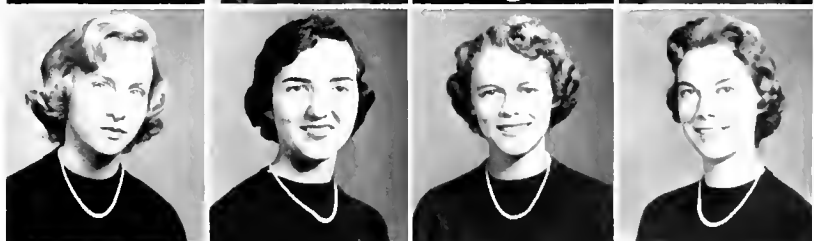
Second row:

Martha Wilkins, Greensboro; Martha Wilkinson, Selma, Ala.; Charlotte Williams, Kingsport, Tenn.; Helen Williams, Winston-Salem.



Third row:

Nancy Willis, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mary Griffin Wooten, Kinston; Mary Jo Wooten, Charlotte; Ann Worley, Winston-Salem.



Fourth row:

Mary Jo Wynn, Bethel.



Not pictured:

Virginia Brame, Wilkesboro; Vivian Talbird, Bronxville, N. Y.; Mary Kate Teague, Martinsville, Va.

I SETTLED down to translating Latin and hoped Monday night hostess duty was as uneventful as usual.

Then, all of a sudden, a tall figure, clad in an indescribably weird costume rushed in and stood, hands on her hips, in the middle of the floor. "Have you seen some older ladies around here?" The little spring-like things on her head quivered. She was obviously a foreign student.

"No, Mary Margaret. I surely haven't. But I've been studying."

"Well, that's what I'm going to be doing if they don't come in five minutes. It's five after seven now and they were supposed to come for us at seven."

"Who?" I asked. She told me about some club she and Malin were addressing but that she didn't know who was coming for them.

She paced back and forth. "And I'm freezing. It never gets this cold in Panama."

Malin came to the door, smiling patiently. Her sandy blond hair was topped with a white peasant cap; the light blue dress (like the ones in the Scandinavian section of the seventh grade geography books) matched her blue eyes.

I said, "Malin, how about helping me with my French while you're waiting."

Before she could answer, Mary Margaret slammed down the phone. "Malin, why don't we just go and undress and study. I have some crazy assignment for tomorrow—to write a canon at the fifth in double counterpoint at the octave."

Malin said reluctantly. "Well . . . I do have the rest of *Family Fair* to read before Wednesday." She turned to me, laughing. "I wish that were German you wanted me to translate. Then I'd do that and you could read my English novel."

Mary Margaret was leaning on the radiator, still shivering. A swish of air blew in the door as it opened and shut. A well-dressed lady recognized Malin and came into the office.

Malin introduced herself. Mary Margaret pulled herself away from the radiator and managed a genuine smile. "I hope the car's near the front door," she said, good-naturedly. "It's freezing outside!"



Top: Mary Margaret Dzvaltauskas

Bottom: Malin Ehnger

AS I waited for the stop light to turn green I heard the bell ring for that 8:30 class. Am I going to be late again? Red changed to green and soon my car was gliding along side the fenced-in square. It was already 8:33 and there I was looking frantically for a parking space. After a loss of three more minutes, a brisk walk down the street, a less brisk climb up to the second floor of Main Hall, I arrived for class. You ask if it's like this every morning? Well, almost!

After class I wandered into the Day Student Center, where Nancy Peterson was putting up an announcement for another meeting. Linda was arranging flowers, while Ann tugged at the grand piano, trying to move it into a corner. Having a martyr complex, I ignored my severe case of writer's cramp from addressing invitations, and started pushing the piano—Sunday we were having a tea for our mothers.

I started back to work, and laughed when I thought of my pre-Freshman days. The sleepless nights I spent worrying how, as a day student, I could be active in Salem's organizations, were completely wasted. My initiation came three months early—I found myself trudging all over town with Mary Brown, getting ads for the Stee Gee handbook.

When school opened, with three months of experience behind me, I found that it was no trouble at all to become a member of the *Salemite* Business staff—not to mention that I had the family Chevrolet. When election time came, I found that DAY STUDENTS competing for many offices on campus—they were Vice-Presidents of each class, the vice-president and treasurer of Student Government, and representatives to the Y and the I.R.S.

Before I could say no, I was in charge of our chapel program. The Day Student Center became a theatre, and, every afternoon, we competed with the choral ensemble upstairs, and practiced to "one, two, three, kick," until the phone interrupted every ten minutes. Then, putting skirts over gym shorts, we went home to cold suppers.

One suspiciously quiet afternoon, I wandered to the Center for a quick hand of bridge before my four o'clock lab, and saw a maze of chairs, tables, and red and white checked tablecloths—Gingham Tavern. Our "home" could easily be voted the most met-in place on campus. I'm never surprised at what I find meeting there.

Oh well, I promised to run an errand for mother anyway. I picked up my books and walked to my car.

The Day Student Organization.





Chapter Three

Service

THE bus horn was blowing with finality outside Sisters. I searched for the call-down envelope hidden on the Stee Gee bulletin board under summer travel folders, N. S. A. news, notices of pending petitions, and rule changes.

I wondered if that petition was one of those turned in last spring. During that spring fever period I must have signed ten petitions! Some passed; some didn't, thank goodness.

I found the envelope and slipped in my fourth call-down. That midnight telephone call was worth it, but the fourth one always puts my nerves on edge. I made sure I still had the pigtailed doll my roommate and I had dressed and wrapped. I wanted to keep it for myself but really could not wait to see "my" little colored orphan open it. Another blast on the horn, and I hurried outside.

In the back of the bus girls were singing "Deck the Halls." It's funny how people on a chartered bus are drawn together

so easily. I began to talk to the girl beside me. We agreed that everybody liked the Y for being "unobtrusive" and doing "quiet good."

Since she was a marshal, I asked her about what she did. She told me it was pretty exciting to lead in the seniors and faculty and to dress up in a white evening dress for recitals and lectures. "But the student body can make a lot of noise sometimes," she remarked. I felt guilty and wondered if she had heard me yelling across to my checker last Thursday.

Two girls in front of us were discussing those long meetings of the Presidents' Forum. The Forum had just approved the idea of having a College-Academy basketball game. I was asking about it when the bus pulled into the yard of the drive of the Memorial Industrial School.

Everybody grabbed for coats and gloves and presents, still singing and determined to assure even the loneliest orphan that "Santa Claus is Coming to Town."

The Presidents' Forum



Louise Barron, President of Student Government

*Nellie Ann Barrow
Vice-President of Student
Government*

*Jean Miller
Vice-President of Student
Government*

*Mary Lou Mauney
President Y.W.C.A.*

*Ann Campbell
President I.R.S.*

*Emily Baker
Chairman of May Day*

*Julia Parker
President of Pionettes*

*Betty Morrison
President of A.A.*

*Emily McClure
Editor of Salemite*





Martha Thornburg
Editor of "Sights and In-
sights"

Denyse McClachorn
Senior Class President

Judy Graham
Junior Class President



Mary Jane Galloway
Sophomore Class President

Mary Griffin Wooten
Freshman Class President

Nancy Peterson
Day Student President



Sara Kathryn Huff
President of Lablings

Temple Daniel
President of Home Economics
Club

Mary McNeely Rogers
President of F.I.A.



Kay Williams
President of I.R.C.

Amy Merritt
Secretary of Presidents'
Forum



*One of a freshman's first introductions to self-government
—signing the Honor Book.*

THE red light blinked mercilessly through the drizzling rain.

"Oh, no," I thought, "not something else to slow us down. The rain was bad enough."

The car slid to a halt on the wet pavement beside Morris Service. Johnny looked over and asked for the time. "Three more minutes," I answered.

As the traffic moved on slowly, the girl in the back seat leaned up front. "Don't worry so much," she said. Her smile bore the knowledge of a STEE GEE member as she continued, "If we're only five minutes late, that'll be a call-down. From five to ten minutes is something like a few days single restriction. Really though, the council will be fair."

I thought of the council—Louise surrounded by a cross section of the student body including music majors, drama lovers, and sport enthusiasts. I smiled—they would be fair.

They had been fair with the underclassman who had an illegal car on campus and they had been fair with our endless petitions—even the one for unlimited overnights. They knew what we wanted in other respects, too. I remembered the Stee Gee solicitation for the campus help and how pleased I had been to find a way to give both Hattie and Inez a Christmas present.

Student Council members in the Stee Gee office . . .





... checking the Stee Cee bulletin board ...

And also how excited I'd become planning my trip to Europe through the N.S.A. student representative on campus.

I was relieved to see through the wet windshield the columns of Belo House— not so far now. I wondered when I could see Louise to report myself.

It now seemed almost ironic that the "honor system" had been discussed in last Thursday's Stee Gee chapel. I had been one of the girls to say what I thought the term embraced. That idea was something I had remembered ever since that day my freshman year when I'd walked across the stage to sign the honor book.

Finally, the Krispy Kreme sign was in view and the light in front of Tom's was green. As we turned in by the square, I heard the chimes begin.

Almost before the car stopped, I had pushed through the mob and written 12:00 on the sign-out sheet. I breathed easily for the first time, but, of all things, Miss Roberts locked the door! I didn't even get a chance to tell Johnny good-nite!

My high heels clomped defeatedly up the steps. I was determined that next time we'd leave College Inn at 11:00 and not a minute later.



... and collecting money for the Christmas bonus.



The Y.W.C.A. Council



Mary Lou and Duffy agree that the orphanage party will be a success with these gifts.

I STOOD on the back porch of Main Hall and watched the freshmen, clad in white and carrying candles, march around the fountain. They could not see me spying on their formal initiation into the Y.W.C.A. and speculating on their four years as members.

Perhaps the girl whose candle just went out will eventually explain in chapel about World University Service even though she knows that cluster on the front row is anxious to start bidding on Dr. Gramley's bridge party.

A couple of them will not know anything the Y does except provide 8:10 a.m. services in Little Chapel.

That one, the tall brunette, will perhaps know the speaker for Religious Emphasis Week and persuade her friends to go with her to the panel discussion. Then they will drag her, unknowing, to the party advertised "study break" and find blushing foreign students opening gifts.

All of them will go out to Memorial Industrial School and sing Christmas Carols on the way. Perhaps the tall brunette will lead the children in "Silent Night." Perhaps she won't. Tonight, though, they all start out even — as members of the Y.



Rev. Sawyer conducts morning devotions in Little Chapel.



Marshals (left to right):
Suzanne Gordon
Nancy Blum
Tom Gill
Rose Tiller
Juan Reich
Jo Smitherman



LOUISE PHARR
Chief Marshal



Chapter four

The Arts

THE senior on the stage flushed when a marshal handed her a second bouquet over the footlights in Memorial Hall. In the semi-darkness of the balcony I looked down at the letter I had scribbled to a Salem prospect back home. She wanted to know (in this fifth installment) about "Salem's culture."

I had begun: "Let me divide the culture-promoters into four groups. As you know, mother did not agree to the New York trip we planned, so the Pierrettes brought a Broadway hit here. We always wear Bermudas, incidentally. What price this home-grown glory? For the Pierrettes—hours of practice, a few low grades, and enough fun to requite them. For us—fifty cents and a short walk across the campus."

"I almost never hear the Choral Ensemble, but my roommate's black notebook is filled with music ranging from folk songs to classical masterpieces. In the middle of a class day, my roommate and the forty other members are often seen

rushing off on a chartered bus to almost anywhere. We anticipate the day when they 'just happen' to show up in chapel with their music."

"We got live samples of Bennett Cerf's wit this year. The Lecture Committee tries to decide (they say) which distinguished people are best for the money. This year they chose a humorist, an anthropologist, and a senator. The lecturers are given a coffee in Strong and a sizable check in return."

"By the way, I'm enclosing a copy of the *Salemite*. A sincere statement with a typographical error, the paper represents any student's point of view in black and white. So read the letter to the editor I wrote in the enclosed issue. I really think the girls who spend the greater part of each week in the catacombs have earned their right to a 'B.A. with a by-line'."

The lights came on. Almost sheepishly I folded the letter into my program and hurried out to get a good seat and some hot coffee at Tom's.

I REACHED for my third Krispy Kreme. Julia had forgotten the spoons so my unsugared coffee went untouched. I licked the stickiness from my fingers as I sat cross-legged on the green rug in the Day Students Center and watched the crowd sipping coffee.

I saw Carol peeking through false eyelashes at the bouquet of white chrysanthemums from South.

Miss Riegner put down her coffee to show some townspeople the brass bookends the Pierrettes had given her. Judy applied more cold cream to her grease-painted eyes; Julia poured more coffee and apologized again about the spoons.

On the floor beside me were other Bermudaclothed Salemmites—some sprawled on the floor, others propped in chairs.

I asked how many hours it took for PIERRETTE membership.

"Eighteen," someone said.

I lay back on the rug and closed my eyes. I thought back about those Friday staff meetings.

"A poster should be put up in Tom's, and the guns could be borrowed from Western Electric if we had a car."

"Red and orange sounds good for the cabana, but the paint runs together; and the fortune-teller's tent needs a curtain."

"Something must be done about making the thunder clap more realistic."



Julia oversees the make-up experts preparing for the performance of "Skin of Our Teeth."

"The center spot needs to be re-angled, and more fuses need to be bought because we blew that entire circuit the other night."

"I listened to this and heard Barbara's curt reminder to get an itemized receipt for all the money we spent. I walked with Linda back to the dorm that day. She mumbled something about having to call Jim Sims to remind him about rehearsal."

I had planned to read *Walden* for American lit; instead, I read *The Skin of Our Teeth* by

From a scene of "The Heiress," Patsy McAuley, portraying the lead, confides in her cousin, Terry Harmon.





Mammoth and Dinosaur come with telegraph boy delivering message to Mrs. Antrobust, from scene of "Skin of Our Teeth."

the footlights. I didn't have to prompt too often; so I listened as Miss Riegner told Mary to talk to Saint Cecelia's picture in the back of Old Chapel and Riley to move downstage-right in the beach scene.

Out front, I saw someone sitting on the step memorizing French vocabulary. I thought of *Walden* but was comforted by Sabina's line: "It'll all be the same in a hundred years." That night was the first of many nightly trips to Old Chapel. Sometimes we had to rehearse on Sundays. And then there was the dress-rehearsal for which I had to rush back from Thanksgiving. And finally, tonight.

I finished my doughnut and waited for Mr. Wright to unlock the dorm. "Eighteen hours," I thought. "It's been many more than that." Funny, but somehow I felt empty. It was all over —

Sabina, portrayed by Carol Campbell, gets a costume fitting.



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Emily McClure, Editor of the Salemite

CLUTCHING a scrawled new story, I stumbled across the bricks under the Main Hall porch and looked in the window of the SALEMITE office. The Wednesday night crew was huddled around the table.

Cigarette smoke curled from the overflowing ashtrays and stifled me as I opened the door. Nobody looked up.

Inside, with the door shut, I could hear

Salemite Editorial Staff





Salemite Business Staff

the silver pipes over the editor's desk knock and rattle, competing with the pattering typewriter. I said to nobody in particular, "I hope this is all right." Somebody answered, "It'll be fine. Thanks for doing it so late. Too bad we can't regulate lecture dates so they fit the *Salemite* deadline."

Somebody howled with laughter at the satire on college week-ends. "Keep it to yourself till Friday," an editor pleaded.

I loitered around the table where groans occasionally broke the mumbling silence. The thirteen-letter name of a very important person balked at the prospect of fitting into the twelve spaces allowed by thirty point sans serif. An associate editor was sitting in the corner creating news briefs.

Over in another corner the editor stared at the bright red shelves filled with uneven stacks of newspapers. Suddenly she dashed to the nearest vacant typewriter, sat pensively for a moment and began what I assumed was her editorial.

Somebody interrupted her. "Em, when you get to the printing office tomorrow you may have to change this head from 'convention' to 'meeting'." Another girl broke in. "And if you have to cut my article, please don't cut the last paragraph."

The editor continued her typing and was still going when the heads were finished and

the wire baskets filled with *Salemite*'s deepest thoughts and wittiest fillers-in.

As I left, one of the editors reminded me to deliver the papers to the faculty boxes early Friday afternoon.

The next day I saw the "Sun" girls rush out of chapel and cut across the little green park beside Memorial Hall. One of them waved to me with the news story I had written the night before.

Ann Williams, Business Manager of the Salemite





Mr. Peterson conducting the Choral Ensemble.

Nancy Cameron, President of the Choral Ensemble.

I BARGED up the steps of Old Chapel and stopped short at the sight of an unfamiliar man and a recording machine. The CHORAL ENSEMBLE stood waiting for Mr. Peterson to give the downbeat.

"Hi!" he said to me. I listened to a repertoire ranging from the ultra-modern "Post Scripts" to Rachmaninoff's "Floods of Spring."

I marveled at the power of Mr. "Pete" to blend a new crop of noises into a sound special to Salem.

He said, "Okay, girls, that's all." I envied the tape for the sounds it had captured.





The Lecture Series Committee

I SETTLED down on a long hard bench in Main Hall waiting for a conference. Footsteps interrupted my attempt to memorize a list of Kings and I looked up to see who was coming. I recognized several of the faculty and two girls from my class. I nodded as they passed by and filed into the room across the hall.

When I saw Miss Byrd beckon to several Academy girls, I reasoned that they must be the LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE.

The door closed behind them, but the voices raised in discussion drifted through the transom. "If everyone's in agreement, then Bennett Cerf is definitely one choice for next year," said a low voice. That must be Miss Byrd. But who is talking now? She must be from uptown. "The lectures must each represent a different field, so that they will be enjoyed by an audience comprised of varied interests." "And we must get more girls interested in whom we choose. Then they'll want to come to the lectures," said a voice that belonged to one of my classmates.

After debating the pros and cons of several nationally known figures, the meeting was adjourned.

I stopped my classmate on her way out and asked her whom they had decided on beside Bennett Cerf. "Margaret Mead and Senator Fulbright," she replied.

"Gee, that sounds great. Now, I know Margaret Mead is a writer, and I've seen Bennett Cerf on TV, but. . ."

Nancy talks with Bennett Cerf at a coffee in the Friendship Rooms.





Chapter five

Honoraries

SABINA, in *The Skin of our Teeth*, said, "There's a secret society at the top of the world." During intermission I sat smoking on the Old Chapel steps; I thought about Sabina's mythical society—a collection of "presidents and prize-winners."

I pulled my white blazer close and thought about the Salemites who could get into that society. The girls in Who's Who, Honor Society, Order of the Scorpion, not to mention feature girls, members of the May Court, Oslo scholarship winners, and the girls who have earned monograms.

I put out my cigarette and went back up the steps thinking that, no matter what Sabina might say, these girls are still Salemites. The girl who makes Class Honors is the same one who shows me how to analyze that chord for theory and how to conjugate the Spanish verb "tener." And she would show you how to decrease the heel of John's argyle, sip a coke with you at Tom's, and then finesse

a little slam on your three-card suit.

The girl who is a Scorpion, or a Feature Girl, can well be the one to whom I report myself for forgetting to sign out, or to whom my frantic cheers are directed in the basketball tournament. Yet she is the girl who listens to your letters from Bob, or advises you about taking those last cuts for the trip home, or shares the compliment Miss Byrd scrawls on your English theme.

She may be the May Court member who smiles across the dell or whose slim figure is posed in Jane Carter's publicity picture. But she is the same girl who has a drawer filled with cashmeres I can always borrow and the one who finds me a darling Davidson date for the Sigma Chi Sweetheart Ball.

When the play ended, I left Old Chapel still thinking about Sabina's secret society. Back in the dorm I found an official-looking envelope. It was from Dr. Hixson. "It gives me great pleasure to announce that you have been chosen. . . ."

Honor Society

Madeline Allen

Louise Barron

Barbara Berry

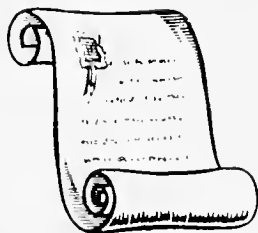
Geraldine Baynes Eggleston

Ivy M. Hixson

Edwin A. Sawyer

Lucile Vest Scott

Margaret Vardell



Betty Byrum

Pat Greene

Sudie Spain Jenkins

Ella Ann Lee

Katherine Oglesby

Agnes Rennie

Mary McNeely Rogers

Mary Benton Royster

Celia Smith

Jo Smitherman

Anne Tesch

Martha Thornburg

Ann Darden Webb

Order of the Scorpion

Madeline Allen

Emily Baker

Louise Barron

Ann Campbell

Betty Jean Cash

Judy Graham

Mary Lou Mauney



Denyse McLawhorn

Ann Miles

Julia Parker

Agnes Rennie

Mary McNeely Rogers

Joan Smitherman

Martha Thornburg

Phi Alpha Theta

Philip Africa

Louise Barron

Lucy E. Austin

Nancy Milham

Evabelle Covington

Beth Paul

Amy R. Heidbreder

Mary McNeely Rogers

Ivy M. Hixson

Mary Benton Royster

Donald M. McCorkle

Joan Smitherman





Oslo scholars Agnes Rennie, Jo Smitheman, and Martha Thornburg discuss their summers in Norway.

I SAT backstage in Memorial Hall and thumbed nervously through scribbled sheets and letters with Norwegian stamps. I don't know why she doesn't come on, I thought. It's quarter of twelve now!

Then my partner came and I was comforted to see the panicked look on her face. She blurted, "It's just terrible. We can't possibly tell them all about a summer in Norway in thirty minutes!"

"Wish we could take about five girls at a time and really tell them what happened."

"Or I wish we had brought Bob along. He could talk for hours about his Norwegian ancestry and his first impression of his father's homeland."

"Sure. But Colonel Strong didn't specify Norse-blooded girls when he offered the OSLO SCHOLARSHIP. And no place on earth could have been newer than Norway to us."

"Or more beautiful." I felt the familiar reminiscent mood coming on. "Do you remember the morning we saw the first fjord?"

"Yes. And the captain's dinner the night before. I'm glad we sailed on a Norwegian ship; it was like orientation to the summer."

I remembered how a few people had sneered at a summer in school instead of roaming around. "You know, in all seriousness, I don't think I would have had any feeling for Norway if I hadn't studied a little of the

history and read some of the sagas and looked at the art."

"I agree. To learn about the sudden threats to their survival is to understand the solidity of the people." She winced at her own wordiness.

I grinned, remembering how Norwegian students had tactfully touched some of the sore spots in the American way of life. And they had torn apart convincingly any opposition we offered.

"It was funny for them to be complaining about 90-degree weather as a heat wave. Goodness, they spent the whole summer in the water!"

"We'll probably never be another place where we can wait till we get to the tram to decide whether we want to swim in a mountain lake or in the ocean. And then be either place within fifteen minutes!"

"Well, we're back at Salem now. And in five minutes everybody in school will be sitting out there to hear us tell what we did. We'd better arrange something. . . ."

The organist began the prelude. We had put our notes in chronological order and were reading through the final time when the vice-president beckoned for us to come sit on the stage.

The buzz of checkers sounded even louder from the front. I caught the eye of a friend on the announcement row. She grinned and crossed her fingers obviously.

Martha McClure, freshman Feature Girl



I SAW her sitting quietly in the Stee-Gee office, observing, listening, and voting.

At the orphanage party I saw her with a group of children and envied any child lucky enough to have her teach them.

I saw long black hair and cashmere sweaters.

When I walked into her room, I saw her smile. Above the sound of Nat "King" Cole records she talked of Kinston and teaching.

I saw her organize a Freshman project and send girls to City Hospital once a week.

I saw quietness, friendliness, dignity. . . .

AS I passed the swimming pool, I heard her yelling "Hey!" out the window to me.

Later I heard her use just such an enthusiastic voice in urging her classmates to come to hockey practice.

I saw her on the hockey field and marveled at the way she ran full-speed up the field, then down, and still breathed easily.

She is notorious for having traveled all over Europe with Bill and Miss Byrd.

I saw her making shorter journeys to the post office four times a day.

Because she slept late I saw her drinking a 15c coke. Then I heard a dissertation on the merits of a small town and a description of Graham.

I saw sleepy eyes and an impish grin.

I saw vivacity, fun, sports. . . .



Mary Griffin Wooten, freshman Feature Girl

Linda Chappell, sophomore Feature Girl



I SAW her backstage in Old Chapel managing a play. Frantically she rushed around adjusting sets, pushing actors on stage, and giving cues.

I saw her in Tom's drinking a coke.

I saw her in Chapel Hill as often as I saw her in the living room of Sisters playing bridge.

In Music Hall I saw her playing Beethoven. Then I saw her on the hockey field driving for a goal.

I saw a smile that spread all over her face.

Under cold cream and a wig I recognized her at Rat Court.

In a New York night-club I saw her in a Chinese cocktail dress. I saw glamour with her hair in a bun.

I saw a smile, personality, competence. . . .

B

EFORE the Christmas Banquet I saw her appointing committees, and heard jumbled talk about presents for the children, what kind of entertainment, and who should sit near the front.

At the Christmas Banquet I heard her make a speech and talk to guests. I envied her ease and poise. I saw her handle a class meeting with the same ease.

With suitcases packed, I saw her heading for Rock Hill, Duke, or Davidson.

In Honor Assembly I heard her name called for Dean's List and Class Honors.

As I passed her going to a sociology class, I heard a strange giggle. There's not another one quite like it.

I seldom saw her without knitting needles, except on a tennis court.

I saw neatness with blond hair and blue eyes. . . .



Mary Jane Galloway, sophomore Feature Girl

Jo Smitherman, junior Feature Girl



SHE opened a class meeting with "Y'all, we've got to start on this project." Ten minutes later the Halloween Carnival, the Junior-Senior Banquet, or the Christmas breakfast was planned and organized.

That night I watched her eyes sparkle as she wrote a feature article for the *Salemite*.

At 5:00 on Monday afternoon I saw her in the Stee-Gee office logically discussing a penalty or the honor system.

I watched her on the stage of Old Chapel and knew she loved footlights, grease-paint, and applause.

With elbows getting in the way of four hands and feet, she played hockey, basketball, and volleyball.

I saw a dramatist, an enthusiast, a romanticist. . . .

I SAW her in the catacombs every night, writing copy for the *Salemite* and SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS. I heard the patter of the typewriter as she wrote comp papers, short stories, and poems. Later I heard her typing on the record-book for call-downs.

On the basketball court I cheered when she, with no effort, scored two points with a long set shot.

Equally at ease, she discussed religion and politics with me until the early hours of the morning.

I saw Bermuda shorts, hair that dries in ten minutes, and questioning eyes.

On Sunday night I saw her in front of the TV set faithfully watching Ed Sullivan.

I saw a world traveler, a classic, a mystic . . . with copy in her hand.



Judy Graham, junior Feature Girl

Nellie Ann Barrow, senior Feature Girl



SOMEONE motioned to me to be quiet, as the tall blond on the stage announced the first hymn for chapel.

I noticed her poise as she introduced the speaker.

I heard her Virginian accent; I had never heard her raise her voice.

I respected her opinion in the Stee-Gee meetings, and when presiding over the Presidents' Forum.

I had voted for her when she was elected president of our class.

I watched her play hockey and softball.

She was always busy, yet I never heard her complain. She was the first to be asked, and the last to say no. . . .



Nancy Proctor, senior Feature Girl

THE night of the Senior Follies she stopped the show with her inimitable facial expressions and vocal chords. I cheered with the others as she jumped out for an encore.

I saw her cruising Main in a new green Chevrolet.

I heard a husky voice and a lyric soprano.

I saw her do a one-night stand in the kitchen of the Home Management House while she burned the toast.

I saw blond hair and a lope instead of a walk.

Beside her hi-fi set, I saw a record enthusiast.

Before a big dance, I saw girls in her room consulting the make-up expert.

I saw expression, comedy, effervescence. . . .

The Monogram Club

Madeline Allen

Polly Larkins

Nellie Ann Barrow

Anne Miles

Brenda Goerdel

Betty Morrison

Jane Langston

Katherine Oglesby

Agnes Rennie



**Who's
Who
in
American Colleges and
Universities**

Louise Barron

Nellie Ann Barrow

Nancy Peterson

Agnes Rennie

Martha Thornburg



Chapter six

Vocations

I SAT, quite befuddled and bemuddled, in the anteroom outside Dr. Hixson's office. The time had come to choose my major. I had been pressured and enlightened by guidance counselors, vocational testers, teachers, linguists, government workers, newspaper women, housewives, mothers, dietitians, decorators, fashion designers, doctors, laboratory technicians, and parents.

How far away they all seem now, I thought. But wait; thinking about teachers reminds me of a club on campus that all the practice teachers and would-be practice teachers seem to patronize. I went to an F.T.A. meeting once. One girl was exclaiming over a little boy who had finally caught on; another moaned over her unco-operative class.

Teachers and principals and guidance counselors. They don't seem so far away.

But those things I heard about in the I.R.C. meeting are still distant. Maybe because they involve positions abroad and

foreign study. I think I'm probably not that much of a rover. Besides, I can't picture myself being an ambassador, doing secret service work, or winning a Fulbright.

Now housewifery is more my field. They say nobody can help a person learn to keep house, but I know the Home Economics Club members would question that natural-genius theory. And so do I.

But sometimes I think all those required science courses stretch it a little. Or at least I thought so until I joined the Lablings and learned that science majors are human enough to get crushes on their Bowman Gray speakers.

I saw Dr. Hixson come by the door and unlock her office. Following her in I spoke first. "I've been thinking out there. Helping me decide on my major is not going to be such a hard job for you after all. You've got a lot of help stationed around the campus."



"... and we did it all by ourselves!"

Arabella is weighed and fed.

The Home Economics Club



SOMEBODY said, "Let the Home Economics girls do it!" Well, here I am waiting for the first parent to come to our tea.

Seems we just got through with Gingham Tavern, with the combo, a few laughs (some at our mistakes), refreshments, red-checked tablecloths, corn stalks, and autumn leaves. It was a good dance. Everybody told us they wanted the combo back again before next year.

This HOME ECONOMICS CLUB isn't just social, though. On the first Tuesday night of every month, tests or no tests, Temple Daniel calls the meeting to order and we thrash out a little unfinished business about the newest project. And we have innumerable speakers to teach us about everything from flower arranging to jewelry making.

When we finally move into the Home Management House, we cook huge meals and invite our friends and favorite faculty members to be the guinea pigs on which we test our culinary abilities. The rest of the time we go around dressed in our supposedly spotless white uniforms and slave over a hot stove. Or we are surrounded by dress forms, patterns, and have our mouths full of pins. Or we are standing in a chemistry lab still wondering why. Or we are trying to maintain a budget.

But we are ready when somebody inevitably suggests, "Let the Home Economics girls do it!"



The Future Teachers of America

I MUNCHEDED my "Castleburger" as the car hummed its way back to Winston-Salem. I noticed that my lapel was still adorned with the white card which designated me as a delegate to the State Future Teachers of America convention in Greensboro.

Between bites, a girl with a similar card was talking about the chapter reports at the convention. I thought about Mary Mac and her poise as she had given ours.

Mary Mac told about the selection of "Miss Student Teacher" and, finally, about the monthly meeting with the guest speaker. I especially remembered Kitty Burress' talk on the use of effective choric speaking.

I rolled down the window to throw away the wrapper from my sandwich and asked if practice teaching was as hard as I'd heard. The girls chattered about making out lesson plans at 5:00 a.m., the feeling when Miss White or Dr. Welch walks into the classroom, and the little boy who just can't learn how many sixths make a whole.

Someone else said that it hadn't all been bad. She told about the time Frankie had finally learned the Roman numeral for four and about the little piece of paper saying in a scrawled script "I love you, teacher."

I thought of my philosophy of education that was due tomorrow. Now I knew what I wanted to say. I looked down again and was glad that the white card was still there.

*Susie gets ready for Halloween at Central School.
"... and in our spare time we read education magazines."*





The International Relations Club

Kay talks with speakers Duksung and Linda.



I CAME out of the International Relations Club meeting determined to tour the world at least twice. Last month, when Jo and Martha told us about Oslo, I was ready to buy a pair of skis and get to Norway in time for the snow.

Then tonight Mary Margaret and Malin came to our meeting. Malin almost persuaded me to explore Sweden, but Mary Margaret thinks Panama is best. Now I can't decide whether I should go North or South first.

I decided to table the decision and find out from the newspapers what the French were doing about the United Nations—and if East and West Germany had any chance of reunifying.

I wonder if Ike will run again. If he doesn't, will Nixon? Since I'll soon be voting, I'd better find out something about the Democrats, too—Stevenson, or Kefauver?

Dr. Spencer is the advisor, but Dr. Africa can't seem to resist all the discussion on history. In that current affairs discussion, I thought, I'm going to find out from him something practical about the Bill of Rights.

In any case, I am prepared to put the pressure on at home for a summer abroad before I graduate. And until then I am subscribing to all the papers, arguing politics with anybody who has an opinion, reading all the books on travel and history, insisting that everybody call me "Cosmo."

I

CHECKED the bulletin board after lunch and saw a card announcing a LABLINGS meeting for that night. Sara Kathryn came up behind me and invited me to come. I had been thinking about studying medical technology some day and I had thought about joining the Lablings. But, for some reason, I had never been to a meeting.

The program that night was on physical therapy. The speaker was from Bowman Gray, and I decided right then that if I ever got sick I would go straight to Bowman Gray and let them take care of me. Not only was the speaker cute, but he really worked up some interest in physical therapy.

Up until now my only contact with science had been biology, chemistry, formaldehyde, and an honest attempt to understand Mr. French's experiment and Mr. Campbell's jokes. I wasn't even sure I wanted to be a med tech.

The refreshments made me wonder. We popped pop-corn in evaporating dishes over Bunsen burners, consumed our coffee from beakers, and flavored the corn with NaCl. And it was good. It's amazing what can be done with science.

As the meeting came to a close, I volunteered to help with the refreshments for next month's meeting—provided, of course, that we could serve them on filter paper.



Between pop quizzes, Lablings find time for experiments.

The Lablings





Chapter seven

Athletics

I WAS sitting at the tennis courts spotting my opponent for the tournament game scheduled next. She had won for the past three years, and the only thing I could think of was how did I ever get into this mess.

It all started when I rushed down the cement steps to the gym and ran headlong into an umbrella-looking stick and a "wittle white wock." For six weeks my elbows stuck out; then I learned how to make the umbrella hit the rock.

I thought my co-ordination was improving until we took up dancing; then I found my feet waltzing to a polka. In the spring I sat shivering on the Academy steps and waited for my turn to swat the ball so I could run around the bases. I never ran around the bases; I did all my running after the ball that went over my head into center field.

The next two years I rushed through registration so I could sign up for the class that met off campus and only once

a week. Mr. Edwards explained to me when I should use a driver and when I needed a putter and watched mournfully while I dug miniature graves on the green. In archery class I learned to climb hills and pull arrows out of the ground. And I got "softball fingers" from hammering up the "come to volleyball practice" signs.

In the meantime I spent as many afternoons as I could at practices and tournaments sponsored by the A.A. With the hockey umbrella I began to make goals for my opponents; I discovered that the diver who made the biggest splash was all wet. In the dorm I waited my turn to "play the winner" in ping-pong and reasoned that ninety-nine out of a hundred smokers prefer pingpong to hockey.

I looked back out to the tennis court. The champ was winning. "Who cares?" I said aloud, to nobody. "Tennis is only ping-pong on a bigger scale. And I'm a big girl now!"



Archery champ, Elise Harris

TEN freshmen were plopped on the floor waiting for the ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION meeting. My levi-clad friend and I were the first arrivals. Levi looked like an athlete and I could tell she impressed the guests. She plopped down on the floor with them and volunteered information.

First she told them what she thought "A.T.W.W.T.A.A." meant. Outwardly it means intramural practices and tournaments. But she explained how chapped and chopped hockey hands, burned and turned basketball knees, and mitts and hits in softball bring about a certain bond between rats and sophomores, dignified seniors and worldly juniors. She quipped about horses for the Tanglewood "Rough Riders," bows and arrows for the Ardent Archers, Aqua Pura for the swim addicts, and tennis and badminton for the Racqueteers.

I broke in to add that the motto was also an attitude, a spirit that the A.A. tried to spread over the campus with the idea of increasing school and class spirit and balancing a heavy mental program with an active, physical one.

Levi reminded them of the big A.A. banquet held every spring. Anybody who has taken part in any A.A.-sponsored program is invited, fed, addressed, and awarded the letter, star, or blazer she won. She named a few seniors who would be vying for the

With the bases loaded, and two strikes down—one to go . . .





The A. A. Council

monogrammed blanket given each year to the senior with the most points.

Then I explained that the real purpose of the A.A. was to encourage everybody to participate in some sort of recreation: music majors, English and history people, and even the girls in the white lab coats.

I added that the A.A. held an important

office in the state branch of the Athletic Federation of College Women.

All this time, the other council members had been wandering in. We discovered that the meeting was waiting to begin.

"Y'all, we've got to discuss that hockey game with Guilford. But first, let's introduce these girls. . ."

Left: The season for popcorn, flannels, and . . . volleyball. Right: Miss Collett tunes a relay.





Chapter eight

Social

I LOOKED at my date across the candle-lit table of the Rathskellar and sipped my apple cider. I had just decided how to ask him up for May Day when a Salem girl walked by flashing the pin she had been given at the Christmas Dance.

The Christmas Dance. What a loser of a week end that was for me! One telephone call from Carolina late in the week and I was left taking up tickets and serving punch in the Club Dining Room. It was a cold night but the weather man did not come up with a winter wonderland as ingenious as the one concocted by the I.R.S. decoration committee.

I slipped upstairs once to watch the council form the figure. One of the stags from Bowman Gray asked me to dance and I completely forgot the punch table downstairs. Anyway, by that time couples were slipping out early to get in line for the midnight snack, change into street clothes, and get off campus before one o'clock. I did not need the night I had saved to stay out in town.

But I have one left for May Day. Let me see. How can I casually beg him to come? I should begin by telling him about the May Day pageant and the twelve princesses who will dance over the dell even before the queen and her court march down the steps. I wonder what color their dresses will be. I hope that it does not rain.

He loves steaks at the Steak House. We could get over there early after the pageant and make it back to school in time for a hand of bridge before we get ready for the dance.

He had a wild time with the mambo at Gingham Tavern last fall. He said the candles and checked table-cloths and smoke gave the Day Students' Center a night of Rathskellarian atmosphere. But this is May Day coming up. . . .

"Hey . . . how about coming back to this world for a minute. You promised last Christmas to give me another chance on Salem campus. Aren't you having anything up there for May Day?"



The I.R.S. Council

IRAN to my room for a coat to throw over my pajamas so I could go swallow a cup of coffee at Tom's. In the hall I passed Sue. "Let's go to Tom's," she said.

Without thinking, I told her I was going and to come along. Then I realized that I would have to put on a skirt. She's on the I.R.S. Council. So much trouble.

The I.R.S. told us at the first of the year that we represented Salem just as much when we were across the street as when we were at home or at another campus for a week end. But it's so much easier to throw on a coat than to dress completely just to go across the square! Oh well, I guess I can stand it this once.

I pushed my way through clothes, books, stuffed animals and roommate to my closet. A slip of paper reminded me that we had gotten a call-down that morning for our messy room. I resolved to clean it up when I got back.

Gee, you'd never guess that we had won the room decoration contest our Freshman year. After seeing this mess, the I.R.S. will wonder if we're the same people who got the prize.

My roommate told me she had a secret she just had to tell somebody. She had just been elected Miss Charm! We were both thrilled, but I wasn't a bit surprised. After all, she was the best-dressed, nicest, and friendliest girl on campus. I often wished

that I could talk to faculty members and visitors as well as she.

Evening dress! Panic! The Christmas Dance is only a week off and I forgot to bring my dress last week end! Do you think Bob would mind stopping by home on his way up and picking it up? Red is what I need for Christmas; I just have to "snow" Bob this week end.

Sue was yelling for me to come on. I grabbed the nearest skirt and ran out.

Susan Childs, Miss Charm of 1956.



I.R.S. Council members decorate for the Christmas dance.



Salemites attend the Snow Ball in a transformed Comm Refectory.



Invitations to the gala birthday dinner written by I.R.S. members.





Designs are becoming real props and scenery in the hands of this May Day Committee.



IT was a humid May the sixth. I stumbled up the hill, clutching my date's arm, and spread our newspaper on the ground. "Of course it won't rain," I assured him. "Emily said so."

He handed me one of the programs when we were settled. "We're going to see the Twelve Dancing Princesses," he forecast.

"Well, I can see them better if you'll cut the top off that little bush in front of us." He did.

And I saw a fairyland with Julia's swings hanging down from the traditional trees. I looked soberly at my date. "Did you know that the MAY DAY COMMITTEE hired a helicopter to put up those swings?"

"Sure," I could tell he didn't believe me.

Music came out from somewhere and twelve princesses in baby blue with pink-ruffled underskirts waltzed across the dell. Then a chorus joined the music and I howled at the jester and sighed over the princes.

** Sketches are being discussed before costumes are made by this committee . . . while the group below confer upon program designs and publicity angles.*



May Day Chairman, Emily Baker, gives her approval to this committee on their ideas for the sound and music.

I nudged my date when the twelve princesses finally snagged the twelve princes. And then, when the booming voice of the king had died away, the strains of . . .

I nudged my date again. "I never can remember the name of that. Do you know?" He grinned and shook his head without taking his eyes off the members of the May Court.

I hadn't noticed those latticed arches twined with roses and ivy before. "And look," I screamed, "The flowers are in little bird cages. How gorgeous!"

But my date was waiting anxiously for the appearance of the queen. When she came into sight I was as spellbound as he.

Applause broke the spell and the entire cast trooped into the dell. And then it was over.

I stood up gradually and brushed out my skirt. "Let's run down and tell them how good it was. . . ."

Trying out the swing for props, these May Day choreographers find it just the right size.





ROSE TILLER

Leaksville

AGNES SANIS

Statesville

ZOE RUTH WEBER

Gastonia

May



EMILY BAKER

Rocky Mount

SUSAN McINTYRE

Lumberton

NANCY CAMERON

Lake Waccamaw

Court



JEANNE HUMPHREY

Lumberton

PATSY McAULEY

Rocky Mount

NANCY WALKER

Kinston

May



Court

LINDA ABUEG
Quezon City, Philippines
LOUISE PHARR
Charlotte
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May Queen

I LEFT Salem at that time of year when an end is called a beginning, a commencement. The frozen-still swimming pool was still frozen-looking. The dormitories were naked inside and somebody had printed "hallelujah" on the board in the mathematics classroom.

I found a note from my little sister and a blanket reference letter from my favorite teacher. The note talked about the end of things like spur-of-the-moment salads at the Steak House and A's on history term papers. I knew she was right.

The letter said I was ready for something new and big. I hoped he was right.

A summer shower chased me into the catacombs, dark and lifeless and sterile. I wished I could stay hidden in the mustiness through alumnae Saturday. But I went to the luncheon and met the people I would be meeting here again next year and the next and. . . . When I saw a marshal I sensed I was in a new category.

In the myriad of rehearsals I memorized the tone of Dr. Hixson's continual "Tassles go from right to left." We would not forget.

I met my parents out front and put them to bed in the Alumnae House. They asked me if I hated to see it all end. I showed them a box filled with applications and replies and references; I told them about the beach party Bob and his brothers had planned for the next weekend. You need one more fling, they agreed.

In the Home Church on Sunday morning we were admonished to do good and to remember Salem. In the afternoon we were reminded that "tassles go from right to left." We would not forget.

In early evening we pranced into the Gramleys' yard for supper and took a



dusk drive across town. The clock still struck twelve times at midnight.

Monday was like no other Monday. It was hot. True. But strangely different. I walked down the aisle, up on the stage, and out of Memorial Hall.

I left Salem with a beginning almost in sight—just around the corner of a last studential fling.



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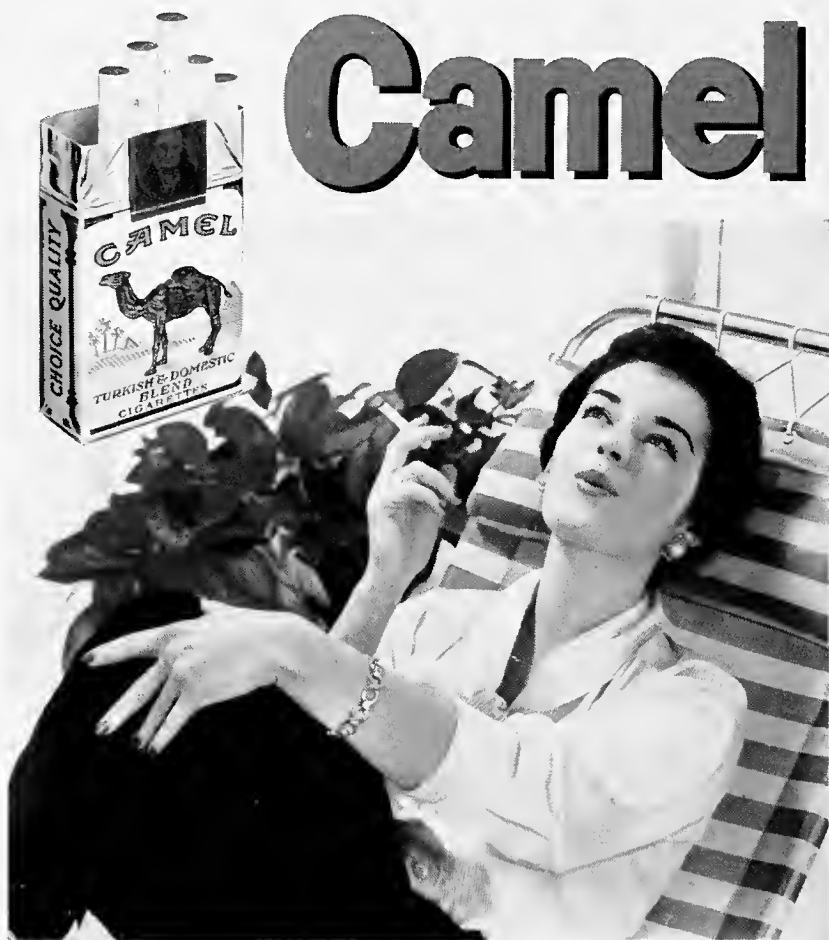
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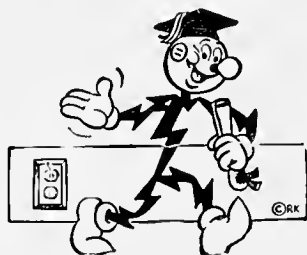
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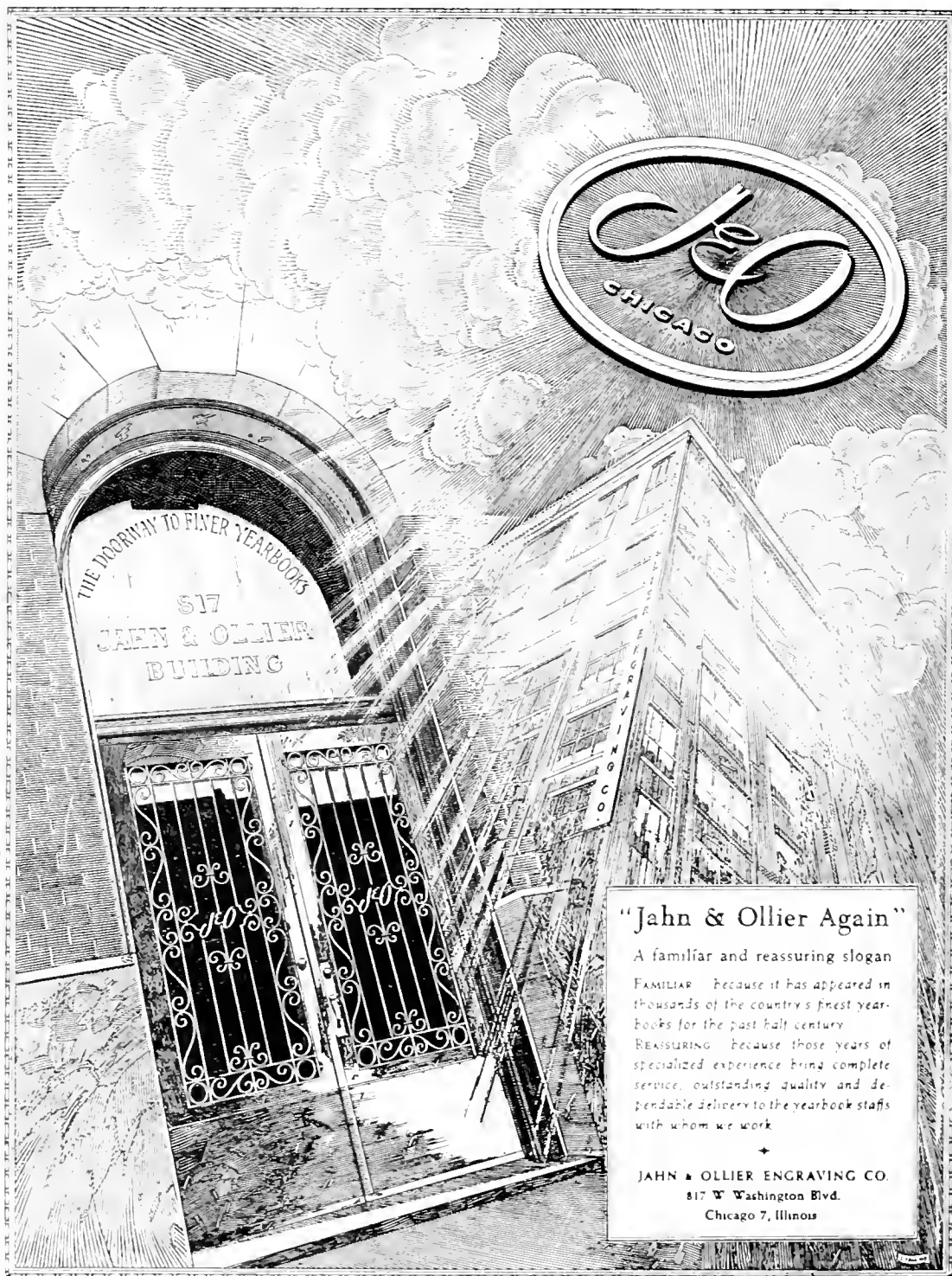
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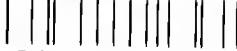
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